# The Outlook

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## The President's Power of Removal

ONE of the most momentous Constitutional decisions in the history of the Supreme Court was handed down on Monday of last week. It establishes definitely the power of the President to remove his appointees without the advice and consent of the Senate.

This power has never been completely and authoritatively recognized since the Constitution was adopted. On the contrary, it has been frequently disputed. Laws requiring the consent of the Senate for the removal of inferior Presidential appointees have been passed during the past half-century and more. Now, however, it has been decided that it is beyond the power of Congress to limit the President's power in any such way.

The decision was not unanimous. Justice Holmes, Justice Brandeis, and Justice McReynolds dissented. In his opinion Justice McReynolds wrote: "Yesterday we supposed we had a Government of definitely limited and specified powers; to-day no one knows what the powers are."

It is clear that the majority of the Court rested its decision upon the fact that the Constitution does not enumerate the powers of the President, but vests in him without qualification the executive power.

In this respect the Constitution makes a sharp distinction between the powers of the President and the powers of Congress. With respect to the President the Constitution says: "The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America." On the other hand, the Constitution says with regard to Congress (the italics are ours): "All legislative power *herein granted* shall be vested in a Congress of the United States." It mentions certain powers of the President specifically, and definitely or by implication limits certain of his powers; but it enumerates the powers granted to Congress and reserves all legislative power not thus specified.

By this decision the United States Supreme Court has added another chapter to the many chapters it has written in American Constitutional history.

## The Campaign for the Senate

As this issue of The Outlook goes to press, the Congressional campaign of 1926, destined possibly to become memorable, possibly to be forgotten as quickly as political campaigns usually are, draws to a close.

Though these pages will not reach many of our readers until after election, a review of the campaign now may help to make the significance of the election clear when the result is known.

The campaign has been vigorous throughout—intense in the latter weeks. The Republicans, faced with the necessity of fighting in more than a third of the States to hold either Senate or important House seats, have called for and received Administration support. The Cabinet have been on the hustings. Of the ten men who sit around the President's counsel table, only Secretary of the Treasury Mellon and Secretary of Agriculture Jardine have remained constantly in Washington. Neither of these is in any sense a spellbinder, neither is inclined toward stump speaking. But there are other reasons for their remaining in Washington. There have been, from the Republican standpoint, two bad situations, one of which is peculiarly close to each of these men. One is the Pennsylvania Republican primary scandal, which Secretary Mellon may be better able to handle from Washington. The other is the Middle-West farmer revolt over the failure of the Administration to give the sort of agricultural aid that was demanded, and Secretary Jardine has been too busy "riding herd" on the wheat and corn belts to devote his attention to Iowa alone.

The Democrats, apparently concentrating their efforts on capturing the nine Senate seats necessary to enable them to organize the Senate, have stormed the ramparts of Republicanism all over the country. The duty has devolved mainly upon Senators and outstanding members of the House. The Democrats have, of course, no National administrative forces upon which to call.

Full—as always—of expressions of confidence, Democratic leaders have been really hopeful of gaining control of the Senate. Republican leaders, while hopeful of retaining control, have admitted Democratic gains. It was inevitable, everybody admits, that the Democrats would regain at least a part of what was lost in the landslide of 1920. This applies to both House and Senate seats, but it is only in the Senate that Republican control has appeared to be threatened. At least, Democratic talk has been mainly of Senate control.

It may be taken for granted that the Republicans will not control the next Senate except, perhaps, in the matter of organization. If the Democrats fall short of gaining the nine seats necessary to give them a clear majority, the Republicans will still be hampered by their group of insurgents who vote with the party only on matters involving organization.

## Democratic Hopes

THE Democrats have professed to see in the situation auguries of victory in the Presidential campaign of 1928. Precedent is appealed to. It is said that whenever, in an off year, the Democrats have captured one branch of Congress, they have elected the President two years later. This occurred in 1882, 1890, and 1910, with Democratic Presidential victories following in 1884, 1892, and 1912. It is to be recalled, however, that in each of these instances it was control of the House of Representatives, and not of the Senate, which the Democrats wrested from the Republicans. In all of those years the chief issue was, as it may be in 1928, the tariff. The House is the effective body for dealing with a tariff question. Even if the Democrats should capture the Senate this fall, they will be powerless to do much toward bringing their tariff ideas before the country in concrete legislative proposals. These must originate in the House.

Still, control of the Senate would mean a great deal to the Democrats, and might possibly mean even more to the Republicans—almost certainly to some



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Republicans. If it comes after the arduous Administration support that has been given the Republican Senatorial campaign, the fact will undoubtedly be used by those Republicans who desire a new slate as an argument that the country is no longer with the Coolidge Administration.

When it comes to counting noses of the Democratic candidates who are likely to wrest seats from Republican Senators, there is perplexity.

Four States that have been normally and nominally Democratic elect Senators this year—Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, and Oklahoma. In all of these, as in Nevada and Arizona, there have been Republican complications which appeared to give the Democrats a better chance than the mere fact of former Democratic allegiance would indicate. If those six were conceded as normal Democratic gains, control of the Senate would hinge upon the outcome in three States elsewhere in the country. The Democrats have professed to see several places where the trick can be turned.

Indiana is electing two Senators, and the Republicans are not happily situated there. Old internal feuds have broken out, and on top of them has come the Ku Klux Klan mess. The Democrats will be genuinely disappointed if they do not capture one Hoosier Senatorship, and they are claiming both.

In New York Senator Wadsworth has aroused antagonisms in his party and has been opposed by an Independent Republican candidate. This fact, along with others, has been counted upon by the Democrats to give them the second Senatorship from New York.

In Iowa the regular Republican resentment against Brookhart, the insurgent rampant who won the Republican nomination, has been the reason for Democratic hope for a repetition of the miracle of the last election, when, for the first time since the Civil War, Iowa sent a Democrat to the United States Senate.

In Massachusetts, President Coolidge's home State, the Democrats have had for many years about an even break with the Republicans. Senator Butler, who has been closer to the President than any other Senator, has been opposed by David I. Walsh, who lost two years ago to the then Speaker Gillett. Walsh has had, however, an exceptionally strong organization. The wet and dry issue has been mixed up with support of the President and other things. All of these conditions have led the Democrats to believe in their ability to return Walsh to the Senate.

In Ohio the situation has been somewhat similar. Willis, one among the closest Senatorial friends of the Administration and an ardent dry, has been opposed by a Democrat, Atlee Pomerene, who was formerly a United States Senator, and who is now groomed as a wet hope for the Presidential nomination. He is not, however, anything like a pronounced modificationist. He has won considerable recent prestige as prosecutor of the oil lease cases. He has always been popular with the people of Ohio, which in recent years has been about as often Democratic as Republican.

These have been the focal points of the Democratic aggression. There have been others, in the Northwest and elsewhere, where the chances of Democratic success have been probably just as good.

In recounting these situations The Outlook is not undertaking to predict results, but is merely setting forth the grounds upon which the Democrats base their claims of control of the next Senate, and is providing a means by which the election returns, when known, can be measured.

## California Learning to Outwit the Earthquake

GREAT satisfaction is felt in San Francisco and throughout the whole bay region, says our Pacific coast correspondent in an air-mail despatch received just as we are going to press, over the remarkable way in which the city and district weathered the succession of earthquakes which were felt throughout northern California on the early morning of October 22.

The first shock occurred at 4:36 A.M., the second exactly an hour later, at 5:36, and a third of minor intensity at 6:42. At the first shock in San Francisco there was a rush into the streets from hotels and apartment-houses, and several thousand did not return until after daybreak, large numbers congregating in the wide open space of the Civic Center.

Although officially registered as of number two intensity and felt throughout a wide region stretching from Napa in the north southward to San Luis Obispo, at the time our correspondent sent off his despatch no more serious damage had been reported than the breaking of plate-glass windows, the falling of plaster, and, in certain districts, the interruption of the telephone service.

In San Francisco and other cities in the affected area this satisfactory situation is held to be largely due to the care that has been exercised in building since the disaster of twenty years ago. The almost exclusive use of steel and reinforced concrete, the disappearance of the brick chimney, and the wide use of wire and stucco over frame buildings, the abolition of the overhanging cornice and top-heavy ornamentation, have, it is claimed, resulted in a building code which can successfully withstand earthquake shocks of the intensity hitherto experienced.

Although it is difficult to get an Easterner to believe that such a statement is not merely a euphemism, the reference of San Franciscans to the fire of 1906 rather than to the earthquake is based on solid fact. The damage done by the earthquake, considerable though it was, was negligible in comparison with the damage done by the fire. To-day, with fire prevention most efficiently organized, and buildings adapted to meet every possible contingency, California feels that she has dug herself in against what were at one time her two great enemies.

## Conquering Alaska by Aerial Survey

WITH the fall of the first snow in our most northern possession, Alaska, there has returned to the States a group of aviators known informally to the "Fleetair" of the battle fleet of the Pacific as the "Polar Bears." The story of their adventures has not been told in the despatches that recounted the flight of the Navy amphibian planes across the lofty peaks of the Alexander Archipelago.

The dash to the Pole was spectacular, but it was also brief. The expedition across the incredibly difficult terrain of southeastern Alaska by the mapping planes was an every-day hazard for three months. It was a feat that had been offered to the Army and turned down, and was one that was scarcely considered possible of achievement by the eleven other Government bureaus that co-operated to master a region that has defied the topographer and timber cruiser for many years.

When the aviators mapped such inac-

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# And watched the time to shoot

*(All's Well That Ends Well, Act V, Scene 3)*

*Darling in the New York Herald Tribune*

THE VANISHING WILD DUCK
PRIVATE PREMISES YEAR NO SHOOTING
BOMB PROOF CAVE
ONLY SHOOT DUMB BELLS
GIT OUTA THAT FIELD
THE VANISHING PRAIRIE CHICKEN

Copyright, 1926, New York Tribune, Inc.

**Waiting for sunrise—the opening of the hunting season**

From W. T. Hornaday, Stamford, Conn.

*Morris in the Chattanooga Times*

**What he needs**

From Mrs. Lela J. Morgan, St. Andrews, Tenn.

*Orr in the Chicago Tribune*

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**Taking a few close-ups of him to show the folks back home**

From Frank P. Connolly, Chicago, Ill.

*Orr in the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright, 1926, by the Chicago Tribune

**Losing ground**

From Jay S. Hine, Montour Falls, N. Y.

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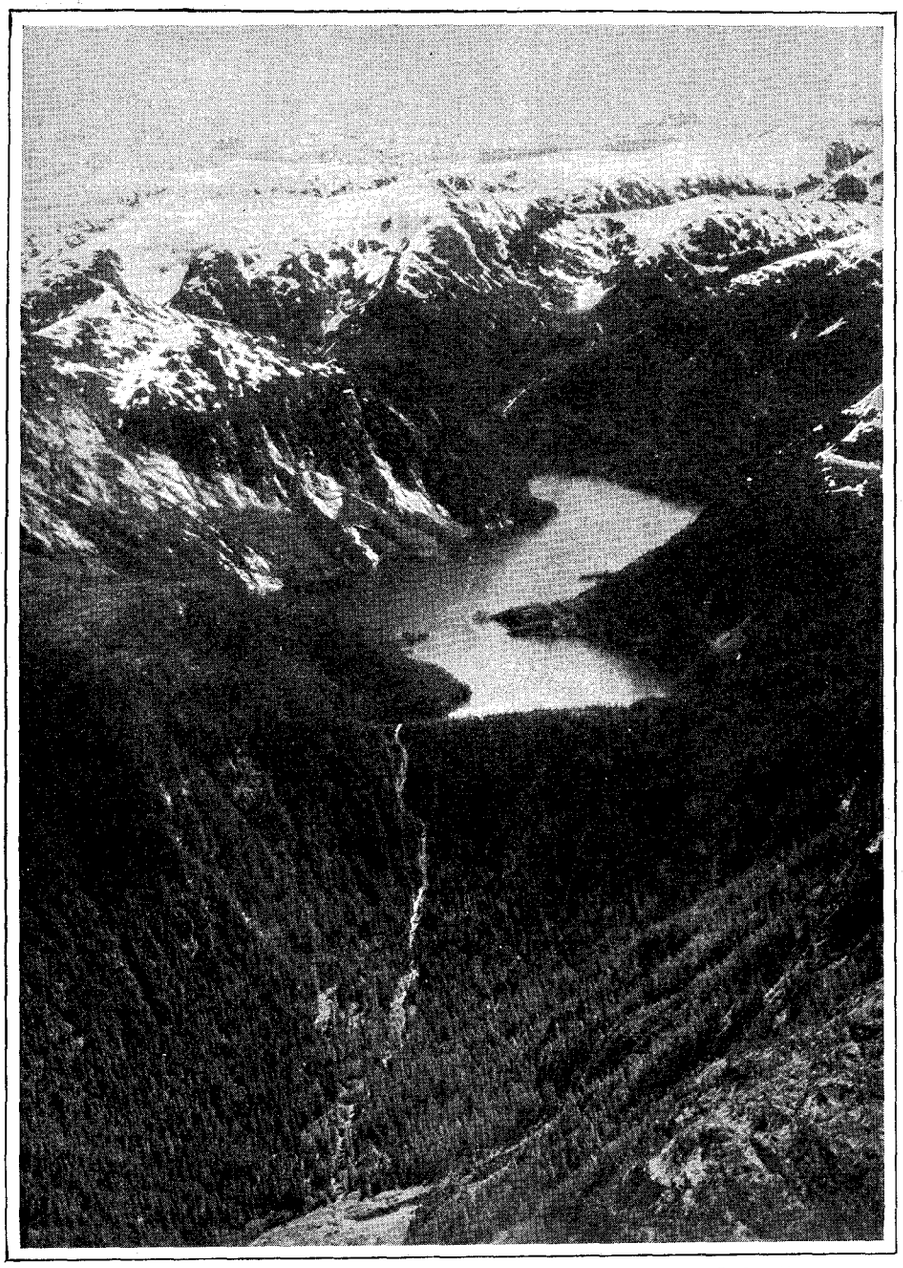

**This is the lake that was discovered by the expedition and named Lake Grace, in honor of Mrs. Coolidge. The falls seen are 1,500 feet high**

cessible sections as the interior of Prince of Wales Island, the mine-sweeper Gannet patrolled Clarence Strait on the east while the Coast Guard vessel Cygan steamed up and down the west shores of the island, with lighthouse tenders, radio plane, and boats of the Fisheries Commission in constant readiness for any emergency.

Thanks to the careful planning of the commander of the expedition, Lieutenant Ben Wyatt, and the executive officer, Lieutenant Wallace Dillon, not an accident was reported from the time the survey landed at its first base at Ketchikan, in early June, until the departure from Juneau, the middle of September, when approximately 20,000 miles had been mapped and upwards of 12,000 feet of film shipped back to Washington, D. C. This is a record that will stand for some time.

As new and important watersheds were discovered on Revillagigido Island, two power mill companies from the States are reported as already negotiating for sites near Ketchikan. The new reservoirs will make possible a delivery of 85,000 horse-power into that town for the production of pulp for news-print, with employment for thousands of men.

A large and very beautiful lake was discovered on the same flight over the island, and has been named, in honor of Mrs. Coolidge, Lake Grace. A photograph of it was forwarded to the White House by Secretary Wilbur, who visited the Alaska survey, in August, with his old classmate, Admiral Charles F. Hughes, Commander of the battle fleet.

## New Life for an Old Ray

THERE is small wonder that the public is confused by the recent striking announcement of the development of Dr. Coolidge's new cathode-ray tube. Hardly a year passes without some kind of ray getting into the papers. Last year, for example, it was the cosmic or Millikan ray. There have also been several "rays" of a wholly imaginary nature, endowed nevertheless with real dollar value to quack healers. But there are rays and rays.

The ray of the day is the cathode ray. It was discovered by Crookes in 1875 and is well known to every high school student of physics. Yet during all these years it has been only a scientific curiosity—just as the Hertzian ray was before Marconi's time—until Dr. W. D. Coolidge, assistant director of the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company, found a way to get it in useful volume outside of the sealed glass vacuum tube in which it is produced. Dr. Coolidge replaced the glass at one end of a Crookes tube with a film of nickel thick enough to exclude the air from the vacuum, but thin enough to let the cathode rays escape. Working under 350,000 volts, this new tube has already exhibited some interesting phenomena. Its rays turn acetylene gas into a solid and make other marked chemical changes. They cause crystals to glow with intense cold light, make hair grow rankly on a rabbit's ear, kill bacteria instantly, and destroy insects, frogs, and mice at a foot or two. Intrinsically valueless in the main, these results are suggestive of both good and bad. For example, several newspapers have already seen in the cathode ray a new "death ray" for "disintegrating" enemies—for certain technical reasons, an absurdity. So far no practical applications have been announced. The tube delivers in much greater volume and under better control the same rays (except for velocity) as those of radium. Is it a cure for cancer? No such announcement has been made by Dr. Coolidge. Moreover, The Outlook regards it as contrary to journalistic ethics to publish announcements of untested claims of cures or speculations about possible cures, especially of cancer and tubercu-

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losis. So many years must usually elapse between discovery and the final evolution of a safe curative technic that such announcements always give illusory hope to real sufferers, and are therefore nothing less than cruel.

## What the Cathode Ray Is

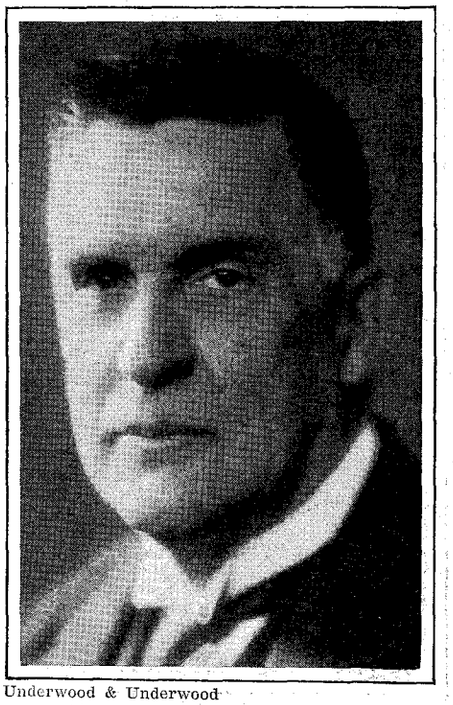
ELECTRONS—electric particles—flying at about 150,000 miles a second like a rain-storm; these are the cathode rays, and the *beta* rays of radium are identical with them. We find that most people confuse cathode rays with X-rays, since both come from the same tube. However, the two fall into quite different categories, because one is a shower of particles while the other consists of vibrations of the nature of light. Therefore "X-waves" would have been a more logical term, but the double usage has become too common to amend. Dr. Coolidge's new tube is really a big X-ray tube minus the metal plate against which the cathode rays are shot when X-rays are wanted, and equipped with a thin window to let the cathode rays or electrons out where we can do things with them. As it will produce as many electrons as a whole ton of radium, it does look as if Dr. Coolidge had put a most powerful lever into the hands of the research scientist. In the past such levers have almost always opened unexpected secrets, but what this one will pry up The Outlook will not try to predict.

## An Old Mystery Explained

THE agricultural scientist has scored another medical triumph. The cause of "milk sickness" is now known.

"Milk sickness" had been for three hundred years a mystery disease. By many it was regarded as nothing more than a superstitious fear, and the country doctor who reported an epidemic of it was sometimes looked upon with a measure of suspicion by his professional brethren. Even those who recognized the sickness as real were uncertain as to the cause of it and accepted the name "milk sickness" only because of a belief common among the people.

In its most violent and widespread form, "milk sickness" was a malady of newly settled communities. It followed the pioneer across the greater part of the continent and disappeared, in the main, in communities that had become thoroughly established. It ceased, decades ago, to be a general terror. In any particular community generations might elapse without the appearance of a single case. But occasional widely separated outbreaks continued sufficiently frequent to keep the name and the dread of it



Underwood & Underwood

**Thomas Mott Osborne**

alive. Hardly more than a month ago fifteen deaths resulted from "milk sickness" in one community in Illinois.

Some time ago Dr. James F. Couch, of the Bureau of Animal Industry, United States Department of Agriculture, began experiments, supplementing those of early investigators, as to the cause of a disease known as "trembles" in cattle. He has just now announced the results of his experiments. "Trembles" in cattle and "milk sickness" in human beings are the result of one of the three poisons contained in white snakeroot. Even when the poison does not affect the cow sufficiently to cause "trembles," it may so permeate the milk and butter as to cause "milk sickness" in those who drink or eat them.

This discovery is extremely illuminating, not alone as to the direct cause of the disease, but as to why it so long ravaged pioneer communities, with only rare cases in those long settled.

White snakeroot—known also as Indian sanicle and deerwort boneset—is primarily a plant of the deep woods. As fields were cleared and fenced, so that cattle no longer ranged the open woods, cows came much less in contact with the dangerous weed. Still the plant persisted. To-day every one whose love of nature has carried him beyond the cleared fields is familiar with its mass of fringy white bloom. It manages also to adapt itself to shady roadsides and the edges of moist meadows. There is always the possibility that cattle will eat some of it while grazing the meadows or eating cured hay. Now that the plant which causes the trouble is definitely known, there is, to say the least, better opportunity of guarding against "milk sickness," though it is perhaps too much to hope that all occurrences of it can be prevented. But with the poison—it has been named tremetol—definitely known, an antidote for it will be found.

One other plant, the rayless goldenrod, is known to contain the same poison and to cause "milk sickness" in certain sections of Texas and New Mexico. The poisonous quality of this plant has long been known, and it had previously been under suspicion as the cause of "milk sickness." Its limited distribution, however, made the explanation of the disease impossible on the basis of this plant alone. Unlike the rayless goldenrod, the white snakeroot—another of its names is rich weed—is widely distributed, growing throughout the United States and Canada as far west as Nebraska.

## "Tom Brown"

CONVICTS in our prisons are out of the sight of the public. They are likely to be forgotten, or at least ignored. Their crimes have set society against them and seem to justify the public indifference. It was Thomas Mott Osborne's great service to America that he brought the inmates of our prisons into the consciousness of their fellow-men. He was sometimes called a sentimentalist; but, however profound his sentiment was, it was not sentimentalism, for it moved him to action and to sacrifice. Under the name of "Tom Brown," he voluntarily went to jail to find out what the experiences of a prisoner were. He became warden of Sing Sing and aroused the ferocious hostility of the corrupt forces that thrive on the exploitation of convicts. In consequence of this enmity he was indicted, tried, and triumphantly vindicated, and his victory was of lasting benefit to the cause of prison reform. His public service as

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Mayor of Auburn, as Public Service Commissioner, and as Forest, Fish, and Game Commissioner of New York was obscured by the much more dramatic service that he rendered later in championing the cause of justice to even the guilty. His last service in office was in command of the Naval Prison at Portsmouth during and after the war. He was the son of a well-to-do manufacturer, a graduate of Harvard, and a successful man of business; and devoted his talents and his means to such ends that his memory will be honored. His death on October 20 should mark the beginning of a new public interest in the chief cause which he served.

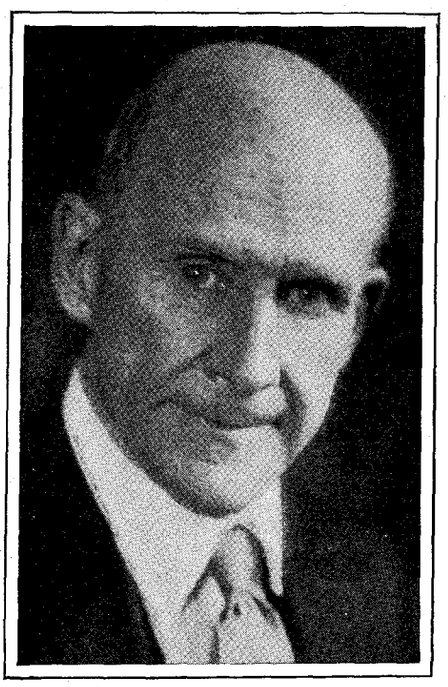
## A Voice of Protest Silenced

EUGENE V. DEBS's stormy career came to an end with his death on October 20 in Chicago. As leader of the great railway strike in 1894, he attempted to paralyze the railways of the country, was foiled largely by President Cleveland's vigorous action, and was sent to jail. He thereupon became a Socialist. In 1900 he was the Social-Democratic Party's candidate for President of the United States. During the war he was sentenced to prison for discouraging and obstructing enlistments. While in prison he was a candidate for the Presidency and received a million votes. His personality drew to him many followers, and he was regarded as gentle and unselfish; but his acts and words were sometimes those of a dangerous fanatic. He served a useful purpose doubtless at times in voicing, even though intemperately, protests against social wrongs; but he was not a constructive force, and his theories were out of accord with the institutions and temper of the American people. As a picturesque figure of the first quarter of the twentieth century in America his name will be remembered, but his influence had waned even before his death and is fast vanishing.

## Devoted Subjects of the Queen

NONE of our distinguished visitors has caused America so much joyous perturbation as Queen Marie of Rumania. Royalty seldom has visited our shores as royalty. When the Prince of Wales came to the United States, he came incognito as Baron Renfrew. Few princes ever were less incognito, but at least he spared his untutored hosts the embarrassment of wondering just how to address a royal prince. But Queen Marie is here as an unmodified queen—all but the crown.

Hence many perplexities and excitements in our simple democratic society. The guests at the reception given by the Friends of Rumania, at the Ritz-Carlton, evince their delight at her appearance by clapping—but check themselves, uncertain whether it is proper to applaud a queen. Both in that hotel and in another in Philadelphia the ballroom is transformed into a throne room, with a sure-enough throne, and hundreds of the more prominent local citizens of the Republic file before the Queen and kiss her hand. And the Mayor of Baltimore is provoked into impassioned self-defense by a despatch to the London "Daily Telegraph" to the effect that on the occasion of his official welcome to the Queen he wore a top hat for the first time in his life. He replies solemnly that he has been wearing top hats since 1910, that he has had four top hats in his lifetime, and that the top hat he wore on the occasion of Queen Marie's visit was bought prior to the Army-Navy football game in 1924, when President Coolidge came there to see the game. He might have left the Queen to think that at least he bought a new top hat to honor her.



Underwood & Underwood

**Eugene V. Debs**

If the presence of the Queen has added to the harmless necessary gayety of nations, the publicity of the Queen during her blithe tour of our land has made her also what we like to call "a human being." She is almost as prolific a journalist as Lloyd George. And as her advance messages to the United States and to each of the forty-eight States and her official impressions of America have spread themselves on the front pages the illusion of majesty has faded. We have gained the impression that Queen Marie is just one of us, after all.

The motto for royalty has been, "Every inch a king." But Queen Marie has modernized it and brought it up to the twentieth-century, American style, to read, "Every column a queen."

## Two Internationals

SOVIET Russia and the American Young Men's Christian Association appear to have come into conflict. In consequence, the Young Men's Christian Association has been expelled from Russia.

The news has just been announced that an American Young Men's Christian Association secretary directing physical education activities in Moscow, Mr. Harry D. Anderson, has been sent out of Russia. Following the established Communist principles, his office equipment was confiscated. Since he was the last Young Men's Christian Association man working in Russia, according to the National Council in New York, his banishment means the end of the Association's work there.

The reasons for the Soviet action are somewhat obscure, and probably must remain so until Mr. Anderson—now on his way home—reaches the United States. But a statement issued by the Young Men's Christian Association says that "National Council officials believe the ultimate cause of the withdrawal of permission to continue work in Russia lies in what the Soviet appears to regard as the incompatibility of the two programs—that of the Young Men's Christian Association and that of Communism." The statement goes on to quote from an address before the plenary meeting of the Executive Committee of the Young Communists' International in Moscow this year: "Our comrades in China have a difficult task. They must educate thousands of new members. . . . We have to count with a very strong Christian propaganda, which is particularly represented by the Young Men's Christian Association."

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The Young Men's Christian Association has conducted most valuable and varied services in Russia. In addition to other activities, it has distributed about $100,000 worth of supplies to needy students and professors and established free medical dispensaries. It has abstained from political activity of any kind. In the case of the secretary who has just been expelled, it is emphasized that he is a specialist solely concerned with physical education. Just what menace to Communism all this work constituted is a little difficult to see—unless it was as evidence of the surplus benefits that a nation organized along other lines is able to distribute.

The explanation probably is to be found in the speech to the Young Communists. Two irreconcilable movements have come into contact with each other. The Communists have run against the Young Men's Christian Association in their propaganda campaign in the Far East, and have recognized its influence. They do not propose to give it any ground at home.

### What Did Norway Abolish?

"NORWAY votes to abolish prohibition," so the headlines read which announced the result of a Norwegian plebiscite. The "prohibition" which Norway voted to abolish was a limitation on the sale of liquor having over 21 per cent alcohol. Beverages containing 21 per cent alcohol are intoxicating in fact even according to the definition of our own advocates of light wine and beer.

Norway for many years tried out a modification of the Gothenberg system, in which the sale of liquor was under the control of citizens who were not looking for exorbitant profits. Under this system any profits over five per cent went to objects of public utility.

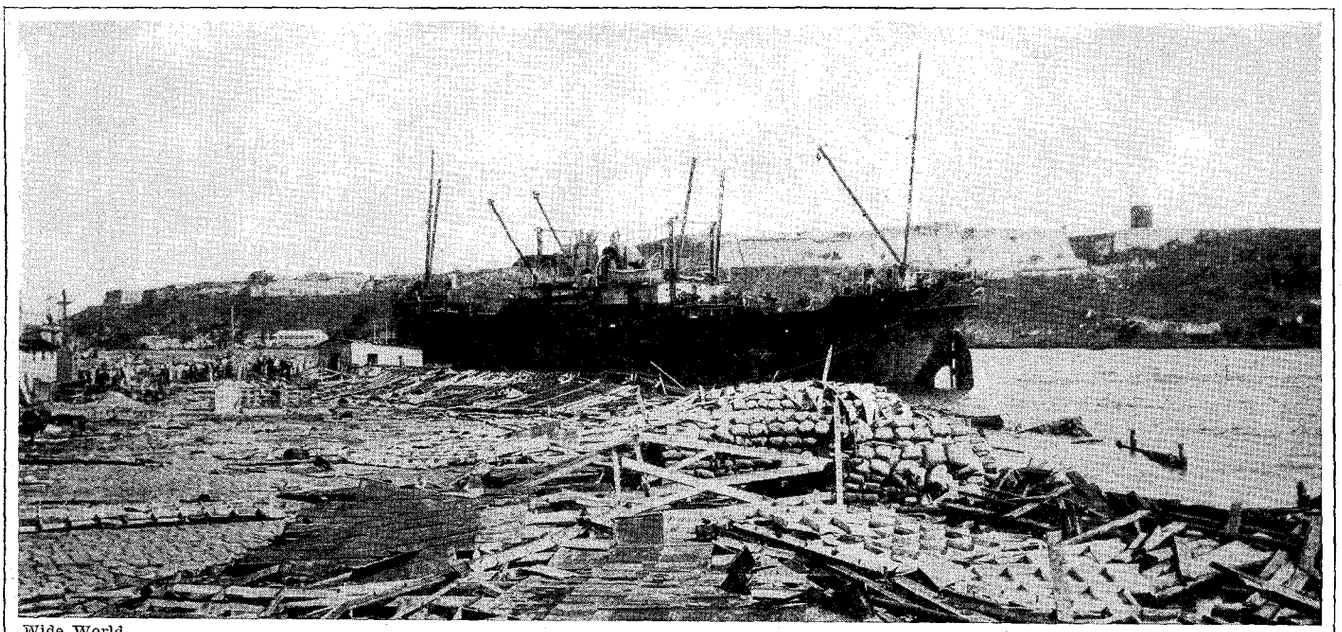
In 1916 Norway abolished the sale of hard liquor and set a limit of 14 per cent on the alcoholic content of wines. Owing to the pressure of foreign commercial interests from countries which declined to purchase Norway's fish unless they could sell their wines to Norway, this limit was raised to 21 per cent. Norway has suffered during the past régime from bootleggers, home distillers, and rum-runners from across the Baltic. Norway has never had prohibition as it is understood in the United States. If anything is to be learned from the Norwegian experience, it is that light wines and beers, even beverages containing 21 per cent alcohol, do not satisfy hard drinkers or eliminate the demand for whisky.

As we point out elsewhere in this issue, there seems to be no possibility of compromise between absolute prohibition and the licensed saloon or its equivalent. The attempt to set a comparatively high alcoholic content to permit the commercial manufacture and sale of wines eliminates none of the serious difficulties existing under absolute prohibition and adds many of the difficulties existing under the licensed system.

## Free-Trade America and Protectionist Europe

ARE the beneficiaries of American protection advising Europe to adopt free trade? That was the natural exclamation when it was announced that half a dozen American financiers, headed by J. P. Morgan, had signed a plea for the removal of European tariff barriers. It is true that there were several score of other signatories besides the Americans; but these other signatories, of various European nationalities, were proposing a policy for their own nations. It seemed, therefore, that the American bankers were either advising Europe to do what they would not have America do or were confessing that the protectionist tariff barrier surrounding their own nation was an injury and should be torn down. In either case their attitude seemed surprising.

A little reflection, however, should have been sufficient to show that in sign-



Wide World

**WITHIN the past week natural disasters of portentous proportions have brought grief to widely separated portions of the globe.**

**Havana was swept by a hurricane similar in force to that which broke over Miami a month ago. Newspapers report that in the city of Havana there are 30 dead and 300 injured. The monument to the Maine was badly shattered and many buildings of flimsy construction were destroyed. Our photograph shows some of the damage along the water-front.**

**Four days after the Cuban disaster Armenia was badly shaken by an earthquake. The loss in lives is estimated at over 300. Many villages and towns were razed. The worst-stricken city seems to have been Leninakan, formerly Alexandropol. The Near East Relief is actively engaged in helping the devastated region.**

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ing this plea a believer in the American tariff system might be wholly consistent.

Every American is in one sense a free-trader. No political party could collect a corporal's guard of Americans to support the policy of erecting tariff barriers along the borders of the several States. It would be ludicrous to suggest that New York be allowed to collect duties on goods brought in from Connecticut, Vermont, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey; that California and Texas and Michigan should be separated from one another, not only by the intervening miles, but also by a series of tariff walls. It is free trade among the States of the Union that is the economic foundation of their common political structure. America is strong where Europe is weak, not primarily because her natural resources are rich, but because in this continental area trade is free.

The United States is so big and its industries are so varied that with this internal free trade it can be virtually self-sustaining. No European country is in a comparable situation. Every country of Europe depends for its prosperity, and even its life, upon other countries. The tariff walls in Europe to-day are not like the tariff wall about the United States, but are like tariff walls shutting off every State of the American Union from every other State. What the American bankers did was to join European bankers in declaring that what had proved of benefit to America was necessary for the prosperity of Europe.

At present it is possible for industry to pay high wages to American workers, for every increase in the income of American workers means an increase in their demand for American products. The more Americans have, the more they can produce; and the more they produce, the more they will have. This is not so in England, for example. The English workmen's wages may as probably go for the purchase of German as for British goods. No European nation can follow America's example unless practically all European nations do so.

There is one difficulty which stands in Europe's way which has not been experienced in America. The constituent states of Europe are sovereign nations. Each nation's sovereignty depends upon the power of the purse. To yield the right to levy tariffs is to yield an essential element in sovereignty. The American States surrendered their sovereignty in this respect before they had the chance to grow into separate nations. The states of Europe could not surrender sovereignty without a sacrifice of national consciousness that they prize. The German Zollverein became the German Empire. A customs union for all of Europe would mean ultimately the United States of Europe. That seems still distant.

If the bankers' plea is heeded and their advice is taken, America will face a new competition and a consequent new stimulus to its enterprise and resourcefulness. It is perhaps not the least service of the American bankers' group among these signatories that they have given to American industry and commerce a fair warning of what may be on its way. Whether a customs union for Europe comes soon or not, there has already arrived among European industrial leaders a sense of Europe's common needs and common interests. When that develops into action, American statesmen will have to consider what National policy in response it will be desirable for the United States to pursue. It may very well be that American interests will then be promoted by the mutual lowering of tariff barriers between Europe and America. Reciprocity, now hampered by the very complication of the necessary negotiations for securing it, may be made more practicable as well as more beneficial than it can at present. In any case, Americans should welcome whatever makes for prosperity in Europe, and therefore should welcome any tendency toward the adoption in Europe of American free trade. In the end, except as short-sighted politics usurps the place of statesmanship, the prosperity of part of the world means prosperity to all.

## The Yellowstone Grab

### Beauty and the Beet

A SPECIAL interest is behind the attempt of Idaho to grab a part of Yellowstone Park.

If she had not been hoodwinked by this special interest, the State of Idaho would never have thought of trying to seize this valuable piece of National property.

It is the beet-sugar interest of two of Idaho's counties that has been egging Idaho on.

The southwest corner of Yellowstone Park is one of its most beautiful parts. It is known as Cascade Corner. Streams rising south of the Continental Divide tumble down in waterfalls to form several creeks or rivers that finally contribute their waters to the Snake River in Idaho. One of these is known as Bechler River. Just before it leaves the Park it flows through a broad expanse of grass broken by woods. This is the Bechler Meadow. There is nothing quite like it elsewhere in the Park. It affords a panoramic view of the mountains to the northeast and southeast, circling from the western border of the Park to the majestic Teton Range. It is the natural feeding-ground of Park animals and a source of supply for their winter forage. For botanists it furnishes interesting flora. For campers it furnishes ideal ground on which to pitch their tents. Those who know the Park best and care for it most are inexorable in their determination that this spot shall not be violated.

Just across the border of the Park there are neighbors who look upon this serene and lovely meadow with covetous eyes. In Fremont and Madison Counties of Idaho there are beet-sugar factories and sugar-beet growers who see in this corner of the Park a place where they can turn water into money. Beets are thirsty vegetables, and the beet growers and sugar manufacturers want to give their beets plenty to drink. So they scheme to destroy this beautiful meadow and turn it into a commercial reservoir.

A few years ago this commercial interest proposed to put the reservoir into the Park itself. Since then it has learned a lesson. It knows now that the Nation will never consent to that. So this industry now proposes to take this area of twelve square miles out of the Park altogether and to appropriate it for commercial purposes.

As an inducement to part with this region, this special interest has offered the American people in exchange a so-called game refuge. It has persuaded the Legislature of Idaho to set aside a barren tract of land to be given to the United States *provided* the United States allows the Yellowstone Park to be broken into and rifled. Obviously, this is a plan to get something for nothing; for this so-called game refuge, worthless as it is for Park purposes, is of no value whatever to the beet-sugar interest.

Of course, the people who want this corner disparage it. They call the beautiful meadow there a swamp. They

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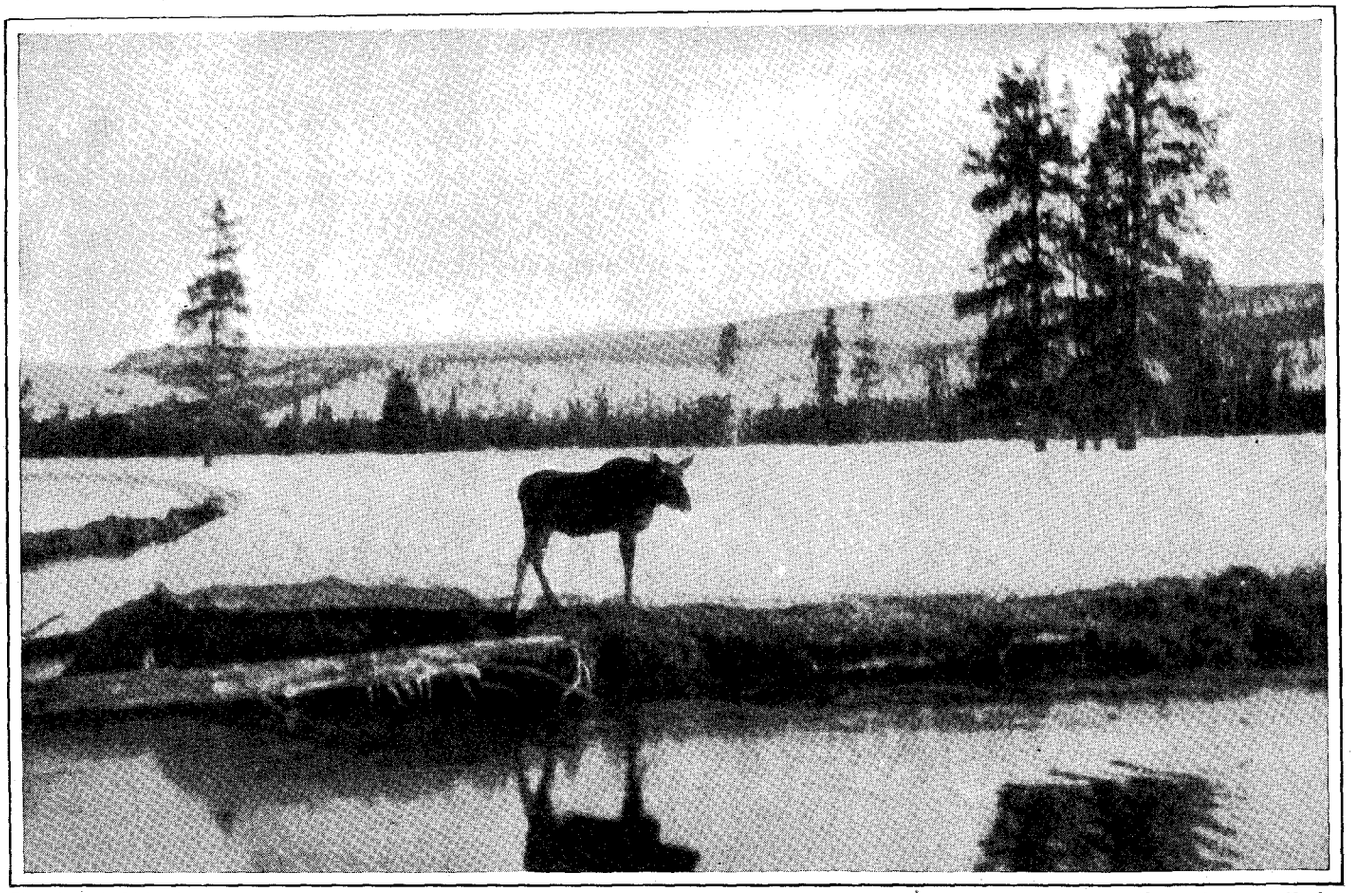

Photo by A. T. Bicknell A Resident of the Bechler Meadow

**The picturesque meadow in Yellowstone Park which a special interest is trying to seize for commercial purposes is a natural feeding-ground for Park animals besides furnishing an ideal camping ground**

say it has no scenic beauty. What is beauty to a beet?

What a beet wants is, not beauty, but water. The beet grower likes to saturate the ground where he has his crop. In ordinary years he can do this; but in dry years, under present conditions, he needs more water than he can get. Because of a recurrent lack of water there is every five years or so, the spokesmen for this special interest say, a loss of about $5,000,000. Even if that is so, though it may be doubted, the sugar-beet interest of these two counties could then well afford to spend several million dollars for a reservoir site and a dam of its own outside the present limits of the Park; but this would mean to buy its own land and build a more costly dam; to loot the Park would be cheaper.

The people behind this scheme take credit to themselves for not asking the people of the United States to build the dam for them. All they want is to have a National treasure transferred to the coffers of their commercial venture. Could anything be more complacent?

This special interest now gets from the American people a bounty of forty-four dollars a ton for its product. They get it in the form of tariff protection. They show their gratitude by trying to get more. It is to this sort of special interest that the people of Idaho have lent the influence of their State Government.

Ex-Senator Dubois of Idaho has described this scheme frankly—it is a proposal "for the benefit of the favored few at the expense of the good name of Idaho."

If the people of Idaho do not care enough about the good name of their own State to guard Yellowstone Park from spoliation by their own special interests, the people of the rest of the country will have to put their watchmen on guard against Idaho.

Americans, keep the looters out.

## Prohibition

IN the battle between wets and drys there appears to be no ground for a genuine compromise. In the matter of the Volstead Act the choice is between enforcement and nullification. In the matter of the Eighteenth Amendment the choice is between its maintenance or its repeal and the return of the licensed and legalized liquor traffic. The various compromises between prohibition and a fully legalized trade are beneficial to the degree in which they restrict the abuse of alcohol. The difficulty lies in the fact that under modified prohibition the same old factors of corruption are present as are present in any legalized system for the distribution of beverage alcohol.

Prohibition in the United States was and is not specifically a temperance movement. It has been a movement to destroy the strangle-hold of distillers and brewers upon Government and politics.

Thus commercial interest is the only element in the problem which can be reached by law and the agents of law. The problems of wine-making and brewing in the home are social rather than political troubles and can be solved only by methods of social education. The forces of Government should confine themselves to the elimination of the commercial liquor trade whether this trade be legalized or whether it be in the hands of unlegalized bootleggers.

When wets hold up their hands in horror at any thought of the return of the old-fashioned saloon—and it would be hard to find wets who would advocate the return of old conditions—ask them how they propose to permit the return of the legalized liquor traffic without at the same time opening the door, not only to the evils which exist under pro-

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hibition, but also the greater evils that exist under the license system.

Prohibition has been far from the success which its most ardent advocates expected. The drys have a right to point out, however, that no one ever expected anything good of the old licensed system, and no one was ever disappointed.

# A Friendly Critic

## By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

**Contributing Editor of The Outlook**

WHEN Robert Burns wrote, "O wad some power the giftie gie us to see oursels as ithers see us!" he doubtless had in mind the innate reluctance of nations as well as individuals to receive humbly criticisms of their personal qualities or manners. Tell a man that he is a sly dog with women or has a sharp eye in money matters, and he grins. But he scowls if he is told that his table manners are bad or his pronunciation is vulgar. When Britannia ruled the seas by methods that are now questionable under international law, it did not trouble her much to be accused of bullying. But when the French called the English a nation of shopkeepers that was very annoying. The French were not at all disturbed when the English called Napoleon a kind of demon and frightened their children into good behavior by holding him up as an ogre who would certainly get them if they were naughty; this was a tribute to French military genius. But when some Englishmen said that the French were a nation of dancing-masters Paris sizzled with fury. Caricature has created more international animosities than bombardments. It is easier to forgive a man for striking you in passion than it is for calling you an ass in ridicule.

Caricature was the method of criticism and correction pursued by Charles Dickens in his "American Notes" and in "Martin Chuzzlewit," which record his impressions of America and Americans received during his visit to this country in 1842. It is a maddening but effective method, and I have no doubt that a fear of Jefferson Brick had a salutary effect upon some of the cheap-John newspaper editors of the last century who could not be touched by a fear of God. The modern tabloids know as little of Jefferson Brick as they do of godliness, and so wend their vulgar way undisturbed by any fear of either. It is a case on their part of the bliss of ignorance. H. L. Mencken and Sinclair Lewis are more useful, or at least more influential critics of the follies of American democracy than Upton Sinclair because they flourish the rapier of ridicule, while he pounds away with the blunderbuss of denunciation.

It is true that both ridicule and denunciation lose their force when carried on month by month and year by year. The hopeless Cassandras and the sarcastic Voltaires sometimes become equally tiresome. Nor do we need to go back to classical times or the days of the French Encyclopædists for examples of the kind of criticism that often results in *ennui* instead of reform. It is possible to find Bernard Shaw, on the one hand, or the "gloomy Dean," on the other, occasionally a little fatiguing.

There is, however, a kind of international criticism that is both engaging and stimulating. The "Lettres Philosophiques" of Voltaire, the Epistles and Colloquies of Erasmus, the Letters of James Howell, "English Traits" by Emerson, "French Traits" by W. C. Brownell, "Round my House" and "French and English" by Philip Gilbert Hamerton—all these furnish examples of what I mean, although Hamerton's books might be barred on the ground that he married a French wife and was a resident of France when he wrote them, and hence was a eulogist rather than a critic.

To the foregoing list there can now be added another volume.[1] Mr. St. Loe Strachey, for many years editor of the London "Spectator" and a cousin of Lytton Strachey, the author of that entertaining but somewhat biting book "Eminent Victorians," has just published his impressions of the people, customs, and manners of the United States. St. Loe Strachey visited this country last year, and finds that "the American half of the race" is successfully maintaining the traditions of popular government and intellectual freedom which have characterized the English-speaking people since the days of Magna Charta.

[1] American Soundings. By J. St. Loe Strachey. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Mr. Strachey, I am glad to say—for I share his feeling—profoundly believes in the solidarity of interests among the English-speaking peoples. Their political, social, legal, and economic roots are the same. Moreover, the English and Americans have one characteristic in common which distinguishes them from the nations of Latin origin and culture. The Latin races are logical and syllogistic. They follow a major premise to its bitter end, even to the guillotine. Mr. Strachey quotes with approval the following analysis made by one of his American friends:

> The peoples of the Continent act as they think and as they speak. When, that is, you understand how their minds are working, read their books and listen to their utterances, public and private, you can feel pretty sure what they will do. In the case of Englishmen, the exact opposite happens. Englishmen talk and think one way, but as often as not act in quite a different way. That this is a racial idiosyncrasy and does not involve any deceit is unquestionable. All the same, it is this peculiarity which makes foreigners regard England and the English as "perfidious," deceitful, deep, calculating people who can never be trusted to do what you would gather from their thoughts and words that they mean to do.

This is true of the English, says Mr. Strachey, but he thinks it equally true of the Americans. He cites our attitude toward the World War. We said that we were too proud to fight, that we did not raise our sons to be soldiers, that we did not want to get tangled up in Europe, that we were perfectly neutral in thought and deed—and then we amazed all Europe by going in and striking a harder blow than anybody. The simple explanation is that the English-speaking race is not bound by logic. It is intensely practical, and therefore often apparently inconsistent. Emerson expressed this characteristic when he said that "consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds."

The very sympathy which Mr. Strachey confesses for American history and institutions might be said by some to limit his critical capacity. It is clear that he likes America and his book is rather an attempt to interpret it to his British friends than an essay of admonition and instruction to his American cousins. His appreciation of America, as he points out, is hereditary, for a direct ancestor, William Strachey, was the first

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Secretary to the Colony of Virginia under the London Company in 1608 and was an enthusiastic promoter of the Colony's interests. Thus the Stracheys were associated with America nearly half a century before Charles I was beheaded. No wonder that St. Loe Strachey says he feels no more "sense of humiliation or defeat" at Lexington or Bunker Hill or Saratoga than he does at Naseby or Worcester or any other of the Cromwellian battlefields. They were all equally the scenes of righteous victory in civil wars marking the progress of Anglo-Saxon civilization. No book that I have read for a long time has quite so strikingly brought home to my mind the fact that the people of Great Britain and the people of the United States have in common a long and noble history and many splendid traditions. It is a pity that either Anglomania or Anglophobia should ever be permitted to weaken this very real bond.

# Who's Who at the League Council

## By Elbert Francis Baldwin

**The Outlook's Editor in Europe**

"INTO how many classes would you divide the delegates here?" I recently asked a well-known English representative—fifty-six nations now send representatives to the League of Nations at Geneva.

He replied: "Into two. There's Benes and there are the rest of us."

Edouard Benes presided over the forty-first session of the League Council, its upper house. The lower house, the Assembly, generally sits through the whole month of September, and the Council is also always in session throughout the Assembly period. Owing to an election on September 8 in the Assembly for new members of the Council, the forty-first session of the latter body had to be at once followed by the forty-second.

The Presidency of the Council is held in rotation by the member states, according to the French alphabetical order. As Czechoslovakia in French is "Tchecoslovaquie" and as Germany is "Allemagne," the rotation had reached the bottom of its list with Tchecoslovaquie. It would logically begin again, therefore, with the presidency of a new member state, Germany, "Allemagne," and in the person of the German Chancellor, also her First Delegate, Gustav Stresemann, as President. With a creditably prompt tact Dr. Stresemann immediately declared that as, in view of the inexperience of the new Council members, it would be wise, he thought, to have as President a man of experience in the necessary procedure, he proposed that Dr. Benes should continue to exercise presidential functions, as in the forty-first session. This met with universal approval, and the Czech seemed not the least satisfied among the delegates.

OF all the fourteen men at the Council's forty-second session, however, as against the nine at the forty-first, the Polish Minister, Auguste Zaleski, typifies this year's greatest triumph.

As I look at the other newcomers, I feel the passing of an older régime to its successor. For instance, Lord Balfour and Gabriel Hanotaux were formerly the British and French representatives, respectively. Now as First Delegates there are Sir Austen Chamberlain, British Foreign Secretary, austere, monocle in eye, orchid in buttonhole, immaculate in dress; and the French Foreign Minister, Aristide Briand, unkempt in appearance, nonchalant in manner, and with a suggestion of something not traditionally French. These are familiar figures because of their prominence at very recent Council meetings. Again, instead of Salandra from Italy, you see Scialoja's thoughtful, somewhat cynical countenance; he is a Senator and ex-Foreign Minister. Of the delegates from the Great Powers, the permanent member states in the Council, Viscount Ishii continues to represent his country as of old, and with precisely the same impassive manner.

THE permanent member states in the new Council are Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, and Germany. The non-permanents are Belgium, China, Chile, Colombia, Czechoslovakia, Holland, Poland, Rumania, and Salvador.

Of the latter, only Belgium is left from the first list of 1920, and, instead of Paul Hymans, for years her untiring representative, we now see, because of a governmental change at home, the Socialist Louis de Brouckère, with his Jovian build and beard. Think of a Socialist with a "de" before his name!

It seems strange to those of us familiar with the former First Delegates of the various countries now to see new people alongside them in the seats of the mighty. Yet there they are. Perhaps the most capable of them is Jonkheer Loudon, of Holland, a statesman well known in the United States, where many will recall him as Dutch Minister at Washington, and remember with pleasure the musicales given at his house. He is a musician himself. Holland succeeds to Sweden's place on the Council. It is a logical succession. Sweden's policy, begun last winter, looking towards conservatism, will, of course, be continued and even accentuated, for in 1922 Holland protested longest against the Council's increase of non-permanent membership, voted at that time. If he had his way, so Dr. Loudon told us the other day, he would now have the Council return to its original membership, even though by it Holland could never get a place thereon.

While the Rumanian Foreign Minister, Mitileneu, has been First Honorary Delegate, Nicolas Titulescu, Rumanian Minister at London and professor at the University of Bucharest, will hereafter represent his country on the Council. In either case Rumania is worthily represented. Much is expected of her in these days when her strategic position in eastern Europe is increasingly signalized, now by a treaty with Poland to the north and now by a treaty with Italy to the south. It is not forgotten that the Bessarabian difficulty still remains, to hit her hard at Bolshevist pleasure.

AMONG the Latin-American representatives, Señor de Villegas, of Chile, suddenly leaps to first place. He may develop the same kind of aggressive efficiency shown four years ago by his countryman, Agostin Edwards, who became President of the Assembly. Close on the Chilean's heels is Dr. Francisco Urrutia; he has been here from the first, and his scholarly addresses command respectful attention. More notable still is the ascendency obtained by Gustavo Guerrero, the delegate from Salvador. Such is the esteem for him that last year he was made Vice-President of the important Traffic-in-Arms Conference. His judgments are balanced, yet courageous, and his appearance at the Council table

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is hailed with general satisfaction. There he sits, the one delegate from a country the smallest in the League, alongside and in sovereign equality with the representative of an empire on which the sun never sets.

Another new delegate is picturesquely notable. Chao-Hsin-Chu is a swarthy, alert person, at present Minister to Italy, and formerly private secretary to the President of China. He apparently loses no opportunity to make himself heard in his desire to press his country's claims. These are simply that a continent like Asia needs more than Japan's representation on the Council, and that, anyway, China has the largest population in the world. Little or nothing has been said about the facts, so far as I can learn, that China is in a sad state of anarchy, and that she is also badly in arrears with regard to her contribution to League expenses. But, as John Hay once remarked to me: "Even if there is no Chinese government at all, you ought to treat China as if there were one."

ALL these new personages seem quite aware of the fact that they are basking in reflected glory, namely, from the yellow moon of Chancellor Stresemann's bald head. It is the cynosure of all eyes.

The Chancellor hardly looks like a man who would start a war, yet, from his colleagues' comment, he will, I fear, try to make it appear that Germany's entrance here is tantamount to saying that she was not responsible for the war, as does the Versailles Treaty.

In this Galérie des Glaces, Dr. Stresemann appears quite at home at the huge horseshoe table. He permits himself the luxury of smoking a large cigar there, instead of, as do many of the other delegates, operating on a small cigarette. However, he finishes his cigar, and now allows himself the privilege of putting his hand into the package of cigarettes the friendly Briand holds out. This gesture looks to me like the sign, actually, of a Franco-German Entente.

Geneva, Switzerland.

# The Queen's Home Town

## By PEARL KENNEDY ROBERTS

THERE are three or four other hotels; all good enough, to be sure, but the Athenee Palace is the Ritz of Bucharest. It is on the Calea Victoriei, and overlooks the Parcul Ateneuli. In decorations and furnishings it is French Renaissance. I occupied a parlor, bedroom, and bath in this eminently comfortable hostelry for the sum of fourteen hundred lei per day, exclusive of meals—about seven dollars in American money. The service is excellent, especially if one has at least a working knowledge of the French or Rumanian language, and the cuisine of its French restaurant unexcelled. There is little difference between the accommodation received at the Athenee Palace and any other first-class European hotel except that in the bathroom, in lieu of a towel, one is provided with a bed sheet—a fine big bed sheet, good for a week or more of steady use, during all of which time, if used with any care at all, one is seldom disappointed in finding somewhere upon its expansive surface a nice clean dry spot. When all the nice clean dry spots have given out and ceased to be, one notifies the *femme de chambre*. Whereupon the offending article is immediately removed, to be replaced by another fresh and sweet from the laundry.

The Athenee Palace has been redecorated and refurnished throughout during the past two years, and it is very grand. Its management means to see that it shall remain grand, and they are extremely fussy in their care of the overstuffed and superlatively decorated lounge on the first floor. You may smoke there if you must, but order tea or other refreshment to be served within its sacred portals—no, indeed! It simply is not done. You might drop butter or cake crumbs on the rugs. The place to have your tea, if not within your room, is the American bar, attractive enough ordinarily, but this particular one is a glacial sort of place somewhat resembling the quick-lunch counter in a railway station, and not in the least possessing that atmosphere of cheer and intimacy conducive to a cozy tête-à-tête.

It is also taboo to enter the lounge wearing galoshes, or even inconspicuous toe rubbers, although they may be direct from the shop, undefiled, and without trace of Rumanian clay adhering to any portion of their brand-new surface. A gentleman must, of course, check his hat, stick, and overcoat before he dares to venture even so much as his head within this exclusive domain. "The buttons," in the person of a valiant though chubby-faced little Rumanian boy, keeps the outer gate, and keeps it well too, with all the aggressive enthusiasm that Horatius kept the bridge. His duty is to divest all guests of these objectionable articles who have not had the forethought to check them in advance at the hat-rack in the foyer. Should you have the impudence and audacity to push by him in blatant disregard of the rule, he will follow you to your place, and "Impossible, impossible," he will say in a tone that immediately convinces you his brave little heart will break if you do not at once hand over your hat, stick, overcoat, or snow-boots, as the case may be.

On the first floor of the hotel, opening off the lounge, is a combination writing-room and library. The writing-room is bona fide and all that one could wish. The library, too, is very fine, providing you investigate not too closely and be content to enjoy the well-known enchantment lent by distance. Should you decide, however, to spend a little time with Chaucer, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, or any other of your wonderful old friends, you will find all those elegantly bound volumes to be mere dummies resting placidly in their beautifully carved mahogany cases behind hermetically sealed glass doors. But what of that? The effect is there; the show all very pretty; no harm done by the mild deception, and the childlike heart of the Rumanian for ostentatious display satisfied.

Society in Bucharest dines at eight-thirty or nine o'clock in full décolleté and "tails," on vintage wines and food calculated to excite the palate of the most exacting *gourmet* in the land. Rumania supplies its tables with a variety of fruit, grains, vegetables, and milk-fed fowl. Also succulent baby lamb and sucking pig from its rich pastures. A dish called *iaurt*—some preparation of sour milk—is a staple article of diet, and can be found upon the menu of every café and restaurant. It is most wholesome and delicious, and we are told that it tends to prolong human life. "Eat *iaurt* and live a hundred years," would be the slogan if Rumania were one of those countries that go in for the production of "up-and-coming go-getters" and slogans. A Rumanian dish called *marmaliga* is in its simple self well worth the long trip to Bucharest. Try it for yourself. A mound of well-cooked cornmeal mush crowned with a poached egg; over the whole a cloud of thick sour cream and a sprinkle of Parmesan cheese. *Paté de fois gras*, the choicest

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of Russian caviar, *langouste* from the Mediterranean, and a delectable conserve known as rose jam, which was concocted by the fairies out of sugar and the petals of the rose to please the palate of the gods in the days of the ancient Greek, are among the popular dainties which appear on the table of the wealthy Rumanian. Cocktails are sometimes served as an *apéritif*, but more often a drink peculiar to the country called *tuica*—pronounced as if it were spelled "zwicka." It is distilled from the juice of prunes, and not unpleasant to the taste; with the color of gin and the power of Satan.

Including the *salle à manger* in the Athenee Palace, there are a number of good restaurants in Bucharest—French, Russian, and German. Cina's is French and much frequented by the "smart set." Capsa's, also French, is excellent and popular, but less formal.

Before the war Bucharest had a population of three hundred thousand. It now slightly exceeds a million. In construction it closely resembles an Italian city. It has narrow sidewalks, uneven cobbled streets, and in many respects is a bit down at the heels—old, picturesque, and quaint. None of the New Yorkers' *penchant* for building and repairing agitates its citizens. It is safe to say that very little, if any, improvement has taken place there within the last fifty years. A happy little city where every one smiles and no one is very busy.

The Calea Victoriei, the one long shopping street, winds from the Chaussée and passes the Palace.

The Chaussée is the fashionable park. It is a sort of grandchild of the Champs Elysées, but leads out into the open country and the golf club instead of towards a *bois*.

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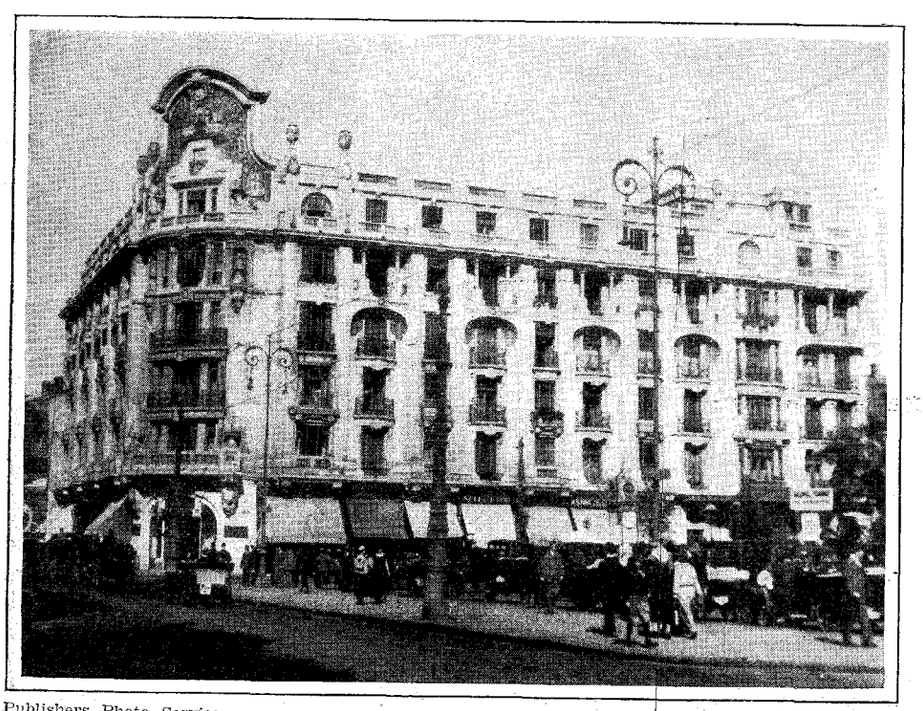
**View of the Rumanian Atheneum in Bucharest**

Among the diplomats nearly every country is represented, and society is cosmopolitan and gay. Rumanian and French are the languages generally spoken; one hears very little English. The ladies do their shopping in London and Paris and are the last word in *chic*.

Little brown gypsies perform most of the household service, and music for dancing is often furnished by a gypsy band. When you spend an informal evening in the home of a diplomat, you dance to the strains of the Victrola. There are few pianos in Bucharest. For a Rumanian family to possess a piano is a mark of social distinction. But every one owns an automobile. If you live in Bucharest, you own an automobile or you own nothing at all. You don't have a beau or a sweetheart in Bucharest—you have a "flirt." "Who is your flirt?" is the arch question that is banteringly asked.

As the city is small, in going to the country club or from one place to another without your own private conveyance, rather than take a taxicab, you are apt to step into one of the many *birjas*, or public victorias, with which the town swarms. The drivers are all dressed alike in a fine black or dark-blue velvet pelisse. It is fashioned in a tight-fitting basque, buttoned down the front, to which a voluminously gathered skirt is attached. It is splendidly trimmed with metal buttons, and in cold weather is lined with sheepskin. Around each driver's stout waist is a leather belt studded with rivets or a gay red girdle (sometimes a cord) knotted into a sash at the side. In winter they wear a high sheepskin or astrakhan cap, called the *caciuli*, which, I am told, is replaced in summer by a peaked cap. They all look fat. Perhaps the thickness of the sheepskin-lined pelisse has something to do with this. Be that as it may, they overflow their high, narrow drivers' seats like huge plump cushions. Some of the *birjas* are dilapidated; the horses are bad conditioned and poor. But when you see a well-kept turnout, polished harness, and horses fine and sleek, you can be sure that the horses came from Russia, and that the driver is a member of the Lipovan sect, which was turned



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**Athenee Palace, one of the largest hotels in Bucharest**

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out of Russia. This sect has curious rules and regulations. Its members practice austerities and are the "blue-noses" of Rumania. They deny themselves all pleasure, and abjure the flesh-pots. They gather together for prayer and singing twice daily. They won't eat meat, listen to music, dance, drink any alcoholic stimulant, shake hands with or kiss a member of the opposite sex, or go to the movies. The average New Yorker would have difficulty in understanding why such people want to live. Their women never allow their heads to be seen bare. The sect is fast dying out.

It would take a good-sized book to record one-half that is interesting in connection with Bucharest and Rumania. The country itself as I saw it in the last month of winter, with its wide prairies and low, rolling hills devoid of trees, reminded me somewhat of the Dakotas and portions of Alberta, Canada. But this impression was dispelled when I caught sight of its little villages built of mud houses with thatched roofs or glimpsed an ox-cart toiling along the dirt road, a peasant trudging at its side.

I spent six weeks in the Rumanian capital—six of the maddest, merriest weeks in all my glad young life. At midday on March 15 I regretfully boarded the train for the six-hour journey to Constanza, on the shore of the Black Sea, and the one port of the Rumanians.

# Why Work At All?

## By Don C. Seitz

THAT man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow is a dictum of the Scriptures that has been pretty well abolished in America, where, in the main, he now acquires, not bread, but canned goods and package foods, by the oil on a machine. Mr. Thomas A. Edison is on record as saying that the machine does not begin to do what it should for the relief of man from toil. He hopes to have machines doing everything needful before long, giving man a chance to be one hundred per cent sociable. It may not be a dream.

Coincident with this utterance on the part of the eminent inventor, the American Federation of Labor has announced its purpose to bring about a five-day week in organized industry. That is to say, a working period of forty hours per man out of the one hundred and sixty-eight that comprise the week. That would mean less than two full days of time, with one hundred and twenty-eight hours left for recreation, the uplift, and slumber.

The basis of this demand is that machinery has so advanced output as to make it economically possible for man to acquire a further period of respite. Mr. Henry Ford added emphasis to the point by announcing a five-day week in his works. This move was made while the delegates were gathered at Detroit, and helped frame the new policy. Mr. Ford's factories, it should be stated, are non-union. The difference between Ford and the Federation is that he proposes to pay for five days' work. The Federation wants pay for six, though exerting itself but five. Here is where the crux lies.

Probably there are lines of industry that would lose but little if the five-day week went into full effect. These are those where the forty-four-hour week is in effect. The forty-four-hour week was the outcome of the Saturday half-holiday, inaugurated in New York about forty years ago. This was a summer-time concession that has come to cover most establishments, in cities at least, all the year round.

Employers have generally found the four hours of Saturday wasted. The men do little more than start and stop their machines. For a time this was overcome by making up for the half-day lost by extra time worked during the week. This disappeared with the arrival of the forty-four-hour scale.

William Green, the head of the American Federation of Labor, is a sensible man. He says the men can speed up enough during the five full days to earn pay for the sixth, so that the advantage can be enjoyed without curtailment of income. This is undoubtedly correct if men can be brought to do it. There is the rub.

That there is ample room for increased exertion without hardship is beyond dispute. So great a part of production is due to machinery that workmen in many instances are mere watchers, or, at the most, feeders, of these devices. In the printing trade even feeders are dispensed with by the use of automatic devices. In paper making the pulpwood grinders are fed from hoppers, which can be automatically operated. The conveyor has stepped in to relieve the shovel and pitchfork quite generally. Mr. Edison is undoubtedly correct in his assumption that mechanical devices can be contrived that will do even more. Those who frequent factories can observe that not more than forty per cent of the worker's time is productively employed. It is easy to idle at tasks unless the chain system used by Henry Ford is in operation. This sundry visitors at his plant representing the Federation have termed slavery. They describe the method as one of endless monotony, from which men flee after a couple of years. Probably there is some truth in this. The thinkless thrusting of bolts into holes all day long cannot be a very refreshing occupation.

The discussion so far is, however, confined only to the attitude of organized labor and mass-production factories. These two have become a sort of privileged class enjoying benefits denied others, and that could not be universally beneficial unless all classes of workers and producers were included in the scheme. Organized labor and organized industry profit by the unrelieved toil of the farmer and the unorganized workers generally. These include the vast bulk of our people and, in particular, the farmers. All wealth coming from the soil or the sea, farmers, miners, and fishermen have to provide the base upon which all others stand.

These three classes care for all the others, either in the low price at which they furnish food and raw materials or in the high prices they pay for finished articles and prepared sustenance. All have to buy back the bulk of what they sell in its improved form, providing always the material to be embellished, made useful, and enhanced in value. So, while it sounds easy to cut down hours and increase pay, the question rises as to how much more the heavily laden backs can carry. Mr. Ford denounces the farmer as archaic. He would do away with him as such, employ machinery, produce more food, such as milk, synthetically, and do away with what he seems to regard as the cumbersome processes of nature. This calls for an industrial revolution too great to be brought about in time to synchronize with Mr. Green's movement. The merits of the suggestion do not need to be discussed.

The whole problem is one of propor-

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tion. Yet it is not entirely one for the United States. We are competing in world markets with German trade-unionists who are willingly working twelve hours a day six days in the week. France and Italy are also busy in the same field, working far harder and more faithfully than we in America. These factors cannot be ignored. The competitive principle is ruthless and takes small heed of obstacles or artificialities.

We are now working under the highest tariff ever known, with shorter hours than the rest of the world, higher wages, and higher rates of transportation. Earning power is being capitalized to the *n*th degree. Our load is cumulating, yet it is proposed to lighten it by doing less, because, despite his belief, Mr. Green gives no assurances. He does not know whether men will do as much in forty hours as they do in forty-four. That they could is already admitted.

It can be safely said, however, that we are still some way off from the *dolce far niente*, the "sweet do-nothingness" of the Italians. Americans do not like to loaf. However tempting the extra day may appear, it will be found in practice that the average man, if it comes, will turn it to some sort of account. The twelve-hour day was industrial slavery. The ten-hour merely mitigation. The eight-hour was sensible and salutary. But it is possible to come to the vanishing-point.

To repeat, the question before the country is how far it can care for the two privileged classes at present involved without an economic overload too great to carry. Will it not give workers more time in which to compete with the farmer and the fisherman, to the disadvantage of both, while these are still compelled to support the privileged ones in the style to which they are accustomed? "We must maintain our standard of living," asserts organized labor. Yes. But how are the unorganized going to maintain theirs?

# Music and the Movies

## Is the Theater on the Verge of a New Development?

### By CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

IT is possible that a revolutionary development, artistically speaking, is taking place in the moving picture of to-day. Probably very few persons are aware of its significance; for the reason that the movies are working under the stigma of the popular appeal, and, as a result, they are looked upon with contempt or indifference by even those reviewers whose professional business it is to perceive and report the new. Movies are still "vulgar," "coarse," "sentimental," "Pollyannish," and so on. The fact that there are good and bad movies, just as there are good and bad jazz tunes, musical shows, plays, and anything you please, never seems to enter any one's head.

Some time the writer would like to debate the matter from the purely theatrical standpoint. He would like to contend that the standard of excellence in the films is possibly higher than the standard of excellence in the so-called legitimate theater. He would like to submit a list of ten or a dozen pictures that he saw last year at an average price of 40 cents, and challenge you to match it with a list of the same number of plays seen during the same period at an average price of $3.30.

But this article has another purpose in mind. It wishes to direct attention to a certain phase of present-day cinema development that is not receiving the high degree of official critical recognition it deserves.

How many of the thousands upon thousands of persons who have witnessed that extraordinary spectacle "The Big Parade" are appreciative of the fact that possibly fifty per cent of the overwhelming emotional impact they received from it was owing to the exceptional and inspired appropriateness of its musical accompaniment? This does not for one moment mean to depreciate the merits of "The Big Parade" as sheer picture. To the contrary, it is high time that some one came out in the open and challenged our critics to show us anything anywhere near its equal. Anybody ought to be able to see that the picture is superbly cast, superbly directed. But it is something more. There is one moment in "The Big Parade" that may be the greatest thing the modern theater of this or any other country has accomplished. Reference is made to the advance through the woods; at which point, as Mr. Laurence Stallings himself has finely and generously pointed out in a letter to this writer, Mr. King Vidor, the producer, has made a "close approach to stark symbolism." Your soldier and your artist can join hands at this moment. Its quality of gaunt, taut, naked inevitableness is insurpassable.

Notice, however, when you see "The Big Parade" again, the marvelously impressive music that Axt and Mendoza have written to accompany this scene. One is tempted to the indiscretion of placing this music on a level with certain moments in "Parsifal." The three notes of "Over There," given out in augmentation and portentously harmonized, followed by a brass passage of tremendous significance, make this scene a thing of unforgetable pathos and terror.

Of course, any one can see that what Axt and Mendoza have done is to apply the Wagner system of characteristic thematic material and thematic development to a number of popular and sometimes commonplace tunes. That in itself is no trick at all; any expert musician could have done the same thing. The remarkable aspect of the matter is the inspired, clairvoyant, at times really great manner in which this material is manipulated; so adroitly, in fact, that the screen action finds a complete, continuous, simultaneous reflection in the orchestra. Note, for example, the strident, cacophonous sound that is the musical equivalent to Jim's warning shout to his two companions in their improvised shower-bath. Without realizing it, the audience is receiving at this moment as definite an impression through its ears as it is receiving through its eyes. Mention should also be made of the exquisite deftness with which the "Melisande" theme is developed, the *gauche* appropriateness of the "Slim" theme, the pathetic eloquence with which the "Buddies" theme is varied, and, above all, the really sublime moment when the advance through the woods begins. Every intelligent person in the community, desirous of the artistic and emotional fitness of things, owes a vote of thanks to the organizers of this stupendous scene.

In a broader sense, the score of "The Big Parade" indicates what we may expect from a future synthesis of screen and music. No one needs to be told that from time immemorial music and

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dramatic action have gone hand in hand. The point is that, for possibly the first time, a great dramatic spectacle has found an equally great musical expressiveness. There are a number of reasons why this is important; a number of reasons why credit should be given where it is deserved. For example, here are two musicians, Axt and Mendoza, who are attempting to furnish the moving picture with an appropriate musical accompaniment. Here is a producer, King Vidor, who, besides possessing a genius for screen direction, is evidently a man of vision and idealism. Let there be official critical recognition and encouragement of what this combination has effected. For the combination, in one form or another, is here to stay. Make no mistake about that. It would be a hopelessly short-sighted and obstinate person who would ignore the significance of the present widespread popularity of the films. It would be a musical Philistine who would deny the potentialities of dramatic action as a stimulant to the perception of musical sound. Wagner's theory of a synthesis of the arts is receiving a democratic ratification daily in every movie house throughout the land. Why, otherwise, should your movie manager find it advisable to retain the services of a pianist-organist at anywhere from fifty to a hundred dollars a week?

No doubt your musical purist who makes a fetish of a Mozart quartet, your guardian of the "legitimate" theater, will turn up their noses (and with reason) at this conglomeration and adulteration of the various independent art forms of the past. Theoretically, they may be right in deploring the present tendency of the age in the direction of a mechanicalized and synthetic appeal. But the fact is that it *is* the tendency of the age, and it behooves us to make the best of it. It is conceivable that the personal identity of the various arts will tend more and more to lose themselves in a fusion, of which music and the screen will represent the dominant components. Personally, I think that this combination is already upon us. It will probably prove the essential form of the art expression of this age. Take the vitaphone, for example. Consider its unlimited possibilities. Why should we not screen a "Pelleas and Melisande," let us say, and send it throughout the entire country to the accompaniment of the vitaphone? And is it not conceivable that we shall eventually put "The Ring" or "Meistersinger" on the screen to the accompaniment of a Toscanini and a Philharmonic orchestra?

One thing is certain. The holier-than-thou art attitude of the past is hopelessly out of date. It is high time our music critics woke up to what is really going on in this day and generation. Anybody can play safe, and tell you what a great composer Beethoven or Wagner is; let our music reviewers accord the amount of consideration to the achievements of Vidor, Axt, and Mendoza that they would accord to a third-rate composition of Stravinsky or Casella. Were we to hear a great orchestra under an inspired leadership do the finale of Part I of "The Big Parade" we should have something more genuinely characteristic of our times than all the Carnegie Hall pretensions of the American composer put together. The score represents the possibility of a heightening of musical expressiveness, in which the life of our times will be voiced by a more dynamic, vital musical speech. It is a thing oftentimes of a sheer, intrinsic beauty; in its entirety it stands for a new development in the American theater.


## Judging Judges

**Next winter the Senate of the United States will sit in judgment at the trial of a Federal Judge. The meaning of an impeachment and trial is graphically told in next week's issue of The Outlook.**


# Stairless Stanford

## By GEORGE MARVIN

### A University Built Close to the Fertile Ground

WHEN Andrew D. White, then President of Cornell, was showing old Senator Stanford over the buildings of the institution at Ithaca, their tour of inspection led them through elevatorless buildings of several stories. After climbing the last of these, the aged Senator stopped to wipe the perspiration from his face and catch his breath.

"I tell you, Andrew," said he, "when I build my university, there ain't goin' to be any stairs in it. That's one sure thing."

Nevertheless, when in 1887 Leland Stanford Junior University came to be built, thirty miles southeast of San Francisco, on the broad acres of the Senator's ranch at Palo Alto, some stairs had to be incorporated in its plan. They were omitted in a one-story inner quadrangle and minimized in an outer quadrangle with its related buildings of two stories. Lavish in all other respects, the Stanford bequest was stingy on stairs. The "university for both sexes" that Leland Stanford and Jane Lathrop Stanford, husband and wife, created in memory of their son, was built close to the fertile ground of the Santa Clara Valley. Architecturally it aspires not; its growth is lateral in one dimension, reaching out, hovering, brooding. There is nothing high about it anywhere; nothing high in its immediate landscape except the solitary monumental tree, the "palo alto," which gives to the neighborhood its musical Spanish name.

Spiritually the University seems as stairless as it is materially. It is close to the ground of fact. Architecture, with a not altogether accountable propriety, images forth the spirit of times and peoples, the animating thoughts of builders and contrivers, the soul or lack of soul in enterprises. Generations of believers built their religion into the Gothic cathedrals of Europe which now visibly proclaim their faith. In a corresponding concreteness the missions built by the Franciscan adventurers through Mexico and the Southwest typify a faith of loneliness and endurance. They are very pure, those dead-white or ivory creations of the missionary spirit. St. Xavier, in the Santa Cruz Valley of Arizona, is as chaste as the dry desert air that washes continually about it; as dedicated, as faithful, as a wayside cross. The warm brown quadrangles of Leland Stanford, designed by a firm of Boston architects supposedly to conform to a mission type of architecture appropriate to Califor-

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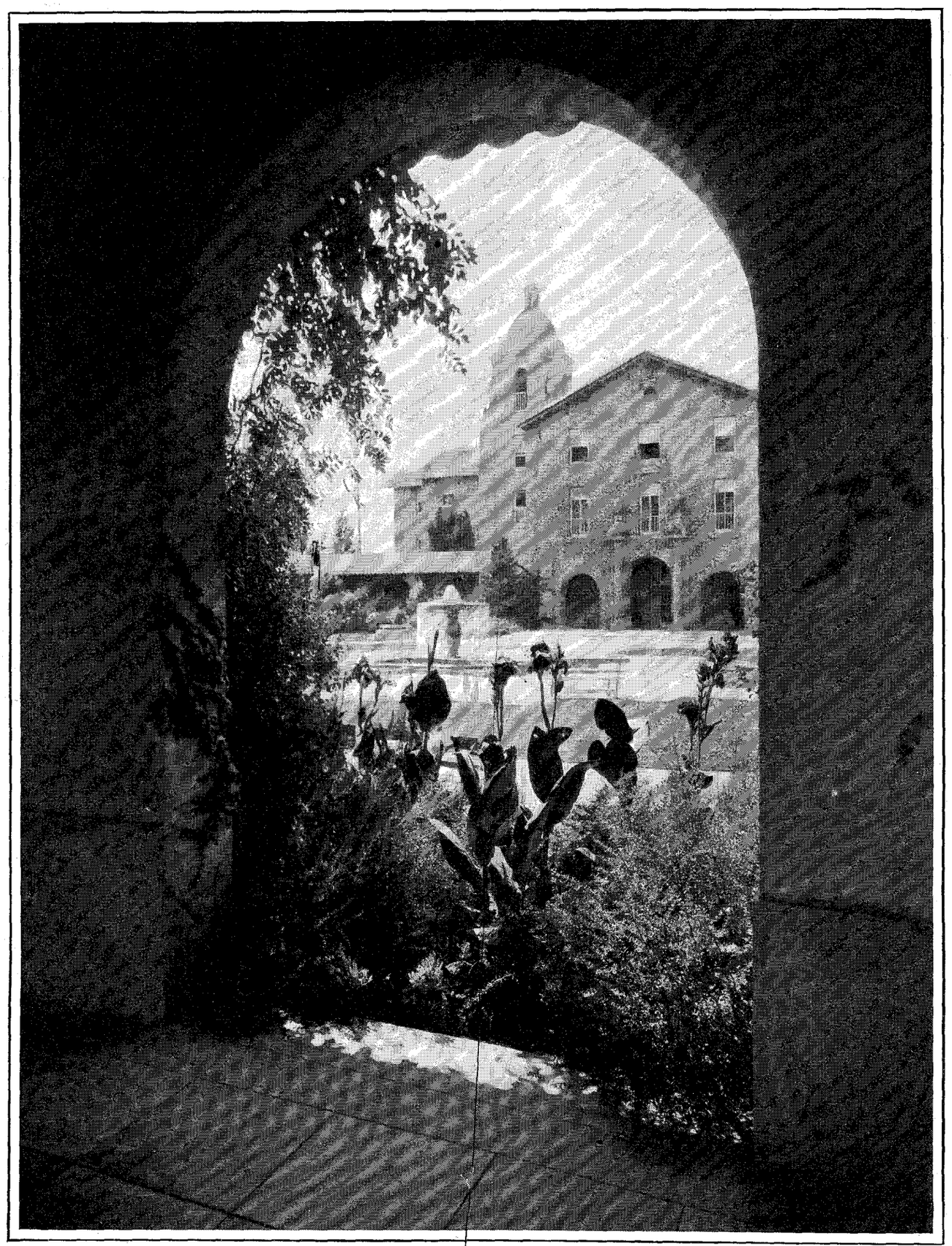

"Architecturally it aspires not; its growth is lateral in one dimension, reaching out, hovering, brooding. . . . Stanford's mission may, perhaps, be best fulfilled close to the fertile ground in which its roots are deeply planted"

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nia's climate, topography, and color, fail to perpetuate the spirit of their models. Some of the forms have been followed; their dedicatory influence has been lost. It is as though the creative impulses of the ascetic Franciscans had somehow gone astray in hours of mundane weakness in the Venice of the Doges.

The result is a hybrid—mission architecture demissionized. The fabricated buildings, hardly distinguishable the one from the other, the long rows of stout columns and oval arches built of varicolored sandstone and broken ashlar, are roofed with vermilion tiles *à la Mexique*. And round about the stone and tile and concrete a sympathetic landscape gardening has planted row upon row of soporific date palms, luxuriantly advertising the fertility of the soil and, with their hanging masses of gray deciduous leaves, the transitory nature of uninspired growth. At West Point a granite fortress fittingly houses a school of the profession of arms. Jefferson's gentle colonnades and gallant pavilions at the University of Virginia retain the cavalier spirit of their founder and the Old Dominion. Stanford's richly colorful, fat façades represent, with unconscious justness, the Golden State of California—not faith so much as fecundity and food.

The fecundity is spread all about. The University sprouts like a splendid crop out of the soil of one of the most fertile valleys in the richest agricultural State in the Union. And as for food, almost every kind of vegetable nourishment necessary or desirable for the maintenance of human life grows in profusion in the adjoining counties of San Mateo and Santa Clara. The University grows in this prolific humus, watered by endowment and gardened by skilled faculties, maturing food for thought. Its latest plant seems most appropriately to be the Food Research Institute, founded in 1921 by the Carnegie Corporation of New York and the Trustees of Stanford, at the suggestion of Herbert Hoover, '95, Stanford's most illustrious graduate and the great world authority on the quantity production and quantity distribution of food for the body. In other ways, as obviously but less materially, the hand of Hoover is written deep in the life of his Alma Mater. He is the founder of the Hoover War Library, a separate gift commemorative of the world struggle he helped so materially to win, already considered one of the great war collections of the world. It is now an institution of international reputation and has become a recognized depository for Government documents and publications of semi-public organizations. As the result of years of persistent effort, unique collections have been added during recent months from Scandinavia, the Balkans, Latin America, and Russia. The Stanford Union, a general university clubhouse for men, corresponding closely in character and aim to the Harvard Union at Cambridge, built by contributions from students, alumni, Faculty, Trustees, and friends, was projected and carried through by Herbert Hoover.

His Library and his Research Institute are both by-products of the war experience, the one in terms of history and sentiment, the other in terms of necessities; the one a commemorative institution of a character common to most universities, the other a prophetic new departure in the life of the Nation. The world forgets its wars, but it has got to eat. Maybe the Food Research Institute has a very great mission to perform. Just as Arizona's School of Mines is mortised into the major industry of the State and the Southwest, so may Stanford's Food Research Institute most closely help the agriculture of California and the Northwest, and, in the end, benefit every American family in this broad and hungry land by the production of better bread and by the proved examples of economies resulting from a better understanding of the production and distribution of the staple food products. And, with a vision forward, why may not such inquiries and solicitudes, gradually broadcast, emanating from the last Great War, become in time one of the solid practical foundations of enduring amity between nations? Food makes peace; the lack of food makes war.

And if it be taken for axiomatic that a man, a business corporation, or an institution of learning should develop along the particular ways for which their faculties and environment are especially adapted, Stanford's mission may, perhaps, be best fulfilled close to the ground in which its roots are already so deeply planted. Nearly a thousand of its acres lie in a garden spot of the world, in the suburbs of a great metropolis, near the shores of a magnificent harbor of world trade. No institution in America owns quite such ideal conditions for the development of a world-serving arboretum. Plants from all parts of the earth grow here as freely as in their native ground: plants from Alaska, Tasmania, Syria, Ecuador, China, the Sahara, the Himalayas, Australia, Japan—almost as many localities as make up the index in an atlas. And the only real arboretum in America is located in New England!

On even so much of a brief impression, then, Stanford may be seen reaching up to its allotted task, a fertile university in a fertile land. In the things of the spirit its contribution is less clear. The Stanford Memorial Church, standing in the center of the Inner Quadrangle group, facing the main entrance, is undoubtedly intended as the focal point of the University, its commemorative symbol, representative of its spirit. It is built in a modified Moorish-Romanesque architectural *motif*—and anything much less spiritual than these two civilizations history does not record—but you have to be told that it is in the shape of a cross. Its façade gleams with gold, in which are set garishly colored mosaics representing, as a circus poster might, the Sermon on the Mount. The interior is a riot of barbaric color: buff sandstone walls "relieved" by elaborate carved designs and rich mosaics, and solar-spectrum lights, qualifying the golden sunshine of California, stream through stained windows representing life-sized episodes in the Old and the New Testaments. Tremendously ornate chandeliers, candelabra, and other ecclesiastical brass furniture clutter up the air. No Roman or Greek interior could be more mundane. And, as though in fitting observation of the mood of so earthly a retreat, a co-educational couple in the shadows of the rear pews on that one summer afternoon were spending the hours in a ritual of their own, the ritual of youth and nature, far older than the Moors or the Romans, as old as religion itself.

Not long ago a group of twenty Japanese students at the University of California petitioned the authorities at Stanford for admission. They had received, they respectfully explained, two years of education at Berkeley standing up, and would like to be accorded a chance to continue their studies sitting down.

This Japanese petition very happily hits off the condition of things materially and contrasts the attitude of mind in the two California institutions. Literally and metaphorically "California" stands up, while Stanford sits down. There is no adequate parking space at Berkeley for the thousands of young men and women who throng its lectures and its landscape. At Palo Alto the trustees of Stanford deliberately restrict the attendance to the seats available. Its semesters are sessions rather than the hectic pursuit of learning. The buildings squat on the Palo Alto farm and the personnel sits on the nest thus made, hatching education.

Naturally, the student life at Stanford is a reflex of its setting. Across the bay at Berkeley the students come and go,

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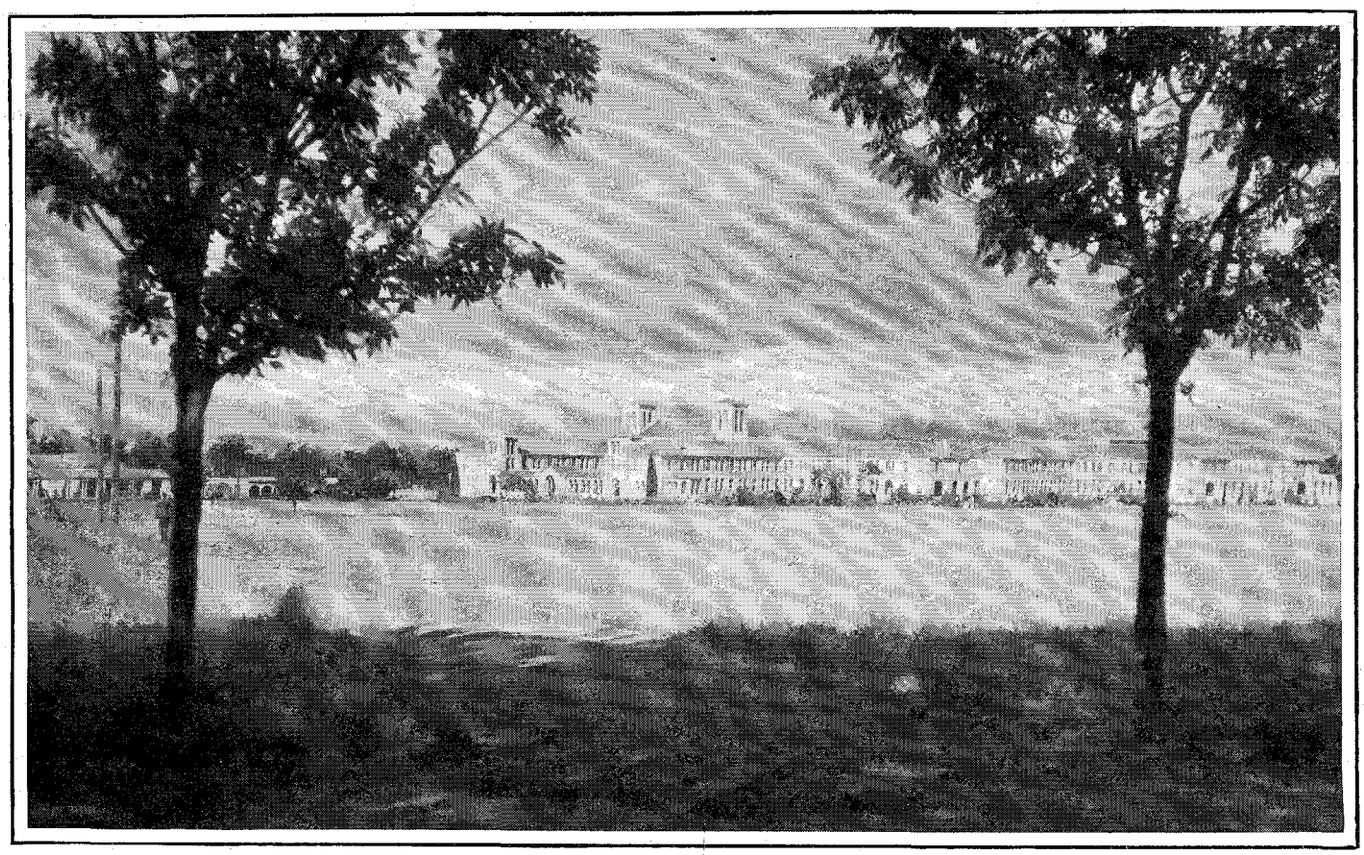

**The warm brown quadrangles of Stanford conform to a mission type of architecture appropriate to California's climate, topography, and color. The earthy-hued buildings are roofed with warm vermilion tiles *à la Mexique***

male and female after their kind, by ferry and by train, by motor and by trolley car, and now and then by the almost lost use of the American hind legs. At Palo Alto the whole conglomerate sits tight. There are no dormitories at the University of California. The students live in Berkeley, in Oakland, in San Francisco, and round about the beautiful bay independently. They commute to college. At Stanford more than one-half the entire enrollment of 3,655 students live communally in dormitories or group boarding-houses on or near the campus. They colonnade to classrooms. They eat all together by classes, by clubs, by teams, and some of them sing together harmoniously at their meals. The two thousand boys in their five Venetian-mission dormitories and the five hundred girls—Mrs. Stanford in 1903, probably wisely but, at first sight, disloyally provided "that the number of women attending the University as students shall *at no time ever exceed five hundred*—in Roble Hall and ex-President Jordan's old home, now called Manzanita House, study two by two in comfortable rooms furnished exactly alike and sleep on porches of identical healthful simplicity.

Leland Stanford Junior University occupies educationally and comfortably a middle ground between the small college well content to remain a college, such as Dartmouth in New England or Reed College and Pomona on the Pacific coast, and the huge, quantity-production, quantity-distribution, commodity-manufacturing university, of which type Columbia in the East and California in the West are examples. Stanford professes to value quality before quantity. It pretends to regret its steadily growing attendance and resents the impersonality of teaching which comes with increasing enrollment. And it still believes in what is fast becoming a myth at the big State universities—a liberal education. To substantiate this belief, it resorts to the compulsion of the so-called "Lower Division," a prescribed curriculum for the freshman and sophomore years for both men and women, the announced object of which is "to introduce the student to fundamental fields of human interest." Limited by the endowment funds at its disposal, it can also select the best qualified from a list of applicants for undergraduate entrance far greater than present facilities for proper living and what it considers effective teaching. Only one in four of women candidates can be annually admitted; only 450 undergraduate men can matriculate in the autumn quarter, though there is no limit to the summer quarter and no restriction beyond academic tests on enrollment in the graduate departments.

In his last annual report President Ray Lyman Wilbur goes unequivocally on record against the "standardization" cancer which is eating into American educational institutions and into American life.

"Maintaining standards," he writes apostolically, "were the words that symbolized academic arrival a few short years ago. Now the very word 'standard' brings with it a sense of reproach because, in the efforts arbitrarily to force certain standards upon education the life juices of intellectuality and initiative were being squeezed out, and the divine right of the human to be different and yet achieve success was in danger of being denied in the very places where advance comes best with a large measure of freedom. . . .

"The maintenance of quality is necessary in education, and especially in professional training, but too many of the methods of maintaining standards have been more quantitative than qualitative, more pedantic than fundamental. Quality of work, quality of thought, and quality of achievement mean so much more than quantity. Quality depends upon inherent values and upon the ideals sought. . . . Parrot-teaching, where the fountain pens of the students reproduce the record, flourishes where set standards, set examination questions, and conscientious but unimaginative examiners keep up the bars against the unfit."

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# The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

## Rip Van Winkle Goes to the Play

Reviewed by JAMES L. FORD

DR. MATTHEWS began his theater-going in the early sixties, and during the years that have elapsed since that time has been a conscientious student of the stage, not only in this country, but in England, France, and Germany as well. I know of no man whose knowledge of dramatic literature is wider or more authentic than his, and, as he has put his knowledge to the supreme test of writing successful plays, what he has to say in the volume now under consideration may be regarded with respect.

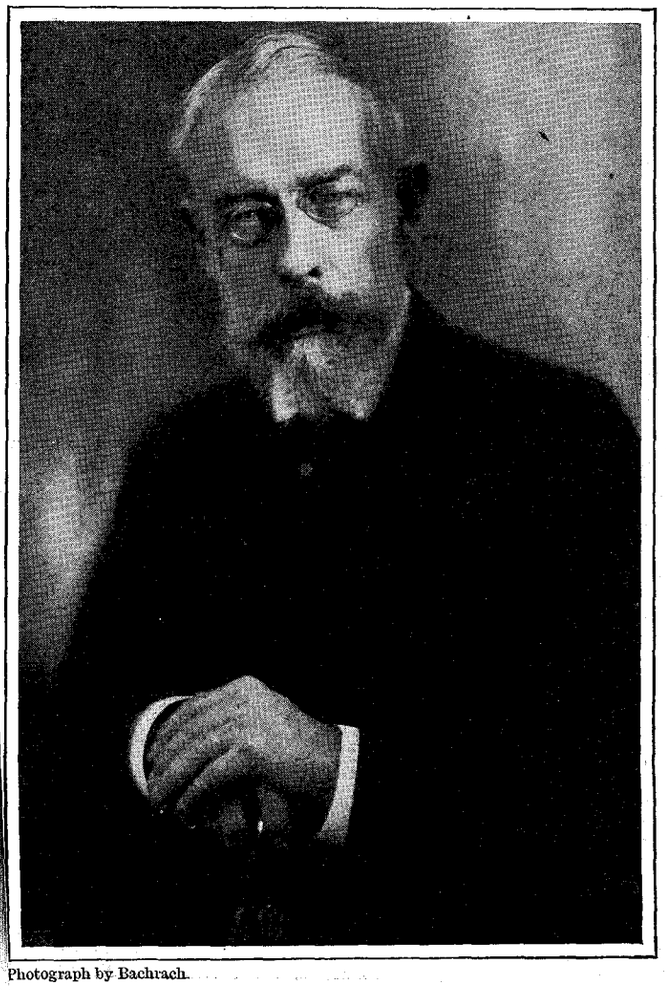
His book[1] consists of eleven separate essays, all dealing with the theater in its many and varied aspects, and, of these, nine are devoted to the play and two to the art of acting, a proportion not unusual with writers of academic thought. The amount of information offered is apt to prove bewildering to the average American play-goer, who desires nothing from the theater but two hours and a half of entertainment before bedtime. The European play-goer, on the other hand, demands, in addition to entertainment, something to take home with him in his mind for future brooding, and it is to the last-named class that Dr. Matthews addresses himself.

But there is much of what this Rip Van Winkle says that will interest even the uninformed theater-goer and help him to a keener and fuller enjoyment of dramatic art than ever before. Veteran play-goers will find special pleasure in Dr. Matthews's memories of the New York stage as he knew it in his early boyhood, of the plays now deemed old-fashioned, but fresh and vital then, which first turned his childish mind to the subject on which he is now a recognized authority. There was "Jeanie Deans," at Laura Keene's theater, which inaugurated his theater-going in January, 1860. Later he saw Edwin Forrest in "Macbeth," Edwin Booth in "Hamlet," Lester Wallack in "Rosedale," as well as "The Black Crook" and those wonderful pantomimists, the Ravels. From this roster it will be seen that the author's studies of the New York stage rest on a firm foundation.

Within the limits of a single review it is impossible to touch more than a few of the high spots in Dr. Matthews's careful and extended consideration of his subject. That his faith in the sort of dramatic construction that produces the "well-made" play is fully justified by the chronicles of our own theater will be evident to every reader. Not until those dramas in which a striking character embodied in a flimsy theatric framework were succeeded by the plays of such writers as Bronson Howard, William Gillette, Augustus Thomas, and Clyde Fitch did American plays stand the test of export to England. The author might have added that, although "Rip Van Winkle," one of the earliest American plays to gain popularity in England, was a one-part piece, exploiting a single character, it was nevertheless extremely well constructed, the work of that master hand, Dion Boucicault, who succeeded when half a dozen of his contemporaries had failed in their attempts to adapt Washington Irving's story to the theater.

So frequently is the charge of plagiarism raised against authors that Dr. Matthews's chapter on "Second-Hand Situations" is worthy of special attention. After relating several instances of supposed plagiarism on the part of writers of fiction, he reveals himself as an apologist for those dramatists who have made use of situations previously employed.

"It was only the smartness of juvenility which permitted the definition of a plagiarist as 'a writer of plays.' There are plagiarists who are writers of plays, no doubt; there always have been and there always will be. In fact, some of the most prolific playwrights have been unable to clear themselves of this charge, the elder Dumas, for one, and Sardou, for another; but it is only fair to point out that these two dramatists, even if now and again they were caught with their hands in the pockets of earlier au-



Brander Matthews

Photograph by Bachrach.

[1] Rip Van Winkle Goes to the Play. By Brander Matthews, Emeritus Professor of Dramatic Literature at Columbia College. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.



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thors, had always a comfortable balance in the bank, that is to say, they were also and beyond all question inventors of persistent originality, from whom their contemporaries and their successors have often borrowed."

As an example of the manner in which a thrilling situation has been used more than once, and always with equal effect, Dr. Matthews recalls the play "Jessie Brown; or, The Relief of Lucknow," written more than sixty years ago, in which the beleaguered British are saved at the last moment by the arrival of a Scotch regiment which takes the Sepoys in the rear. A few years later J. J. McCloskey's "Across the Continent" showed a company of whites besieged in a railroad station on the plains and saved from their savage foes by the arrival of a train filled with soldiers. Some years later David Belasco and Franklin Fyles used a similar situation of unexpected rescue in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and more recently William Archer employed the same device in the "Green Goddess" with an airplane. Not one of these dramatists could be accused of plagiarism, for the situation was brought about legitimately by the action of the drama and there was no other outcome possible.

Dr. Matthews's memories of famous players whom he has known on, and sometimes off, the stage take his readers as far back as the days when as an immature critic he saw Charlotte Cushman as Queen Katherine and Meg Merrilies, Ristori as Lucrezia Borgia and Marie Antoinette, and Miss Neilson as Juliet. Among those who have appealed most successfully to his more mature judgment were Modjeska, Duse, Salvini, Booth, Irving, Coquelin, John T. Raymond, Nat Goodwin, E. L. Davenport, and Clara Morris, and with many of these he maintained close personal relations.

No more interesting and valuable passages are to be found in the book than those which deal with Augustin Daly and the different artists whom he developed, notably Clara Morris and Ada Rehan. Miss Morris, who came to New York after some years of stock work in the Mid-West, created a sensation on the occasion of her début under the Daly management as Anne Sylvester in "Man and Wife," and repeated her success in such emotional dramas as "Article 47," "Alixe," and "Miss Multon." Miss Rehan, on the other hand, made her first appearance as a tall, gawky girl in an unbecoming bathing-suit, and created no impression whatever. Yet under Mr. Daly's training she lived to become New York's favorite comedy actress and to


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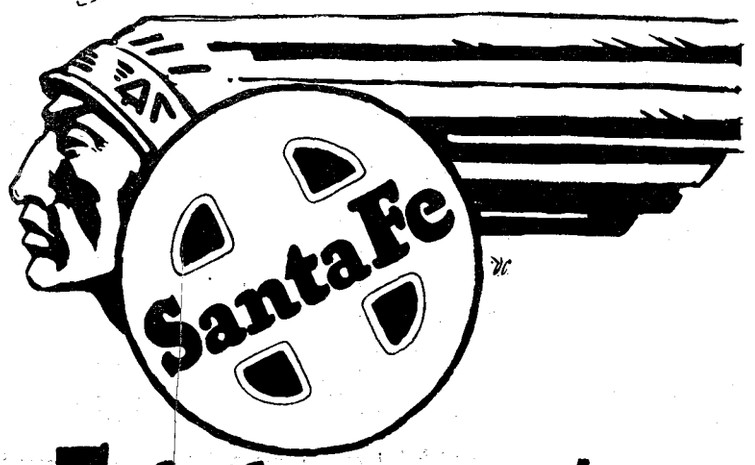


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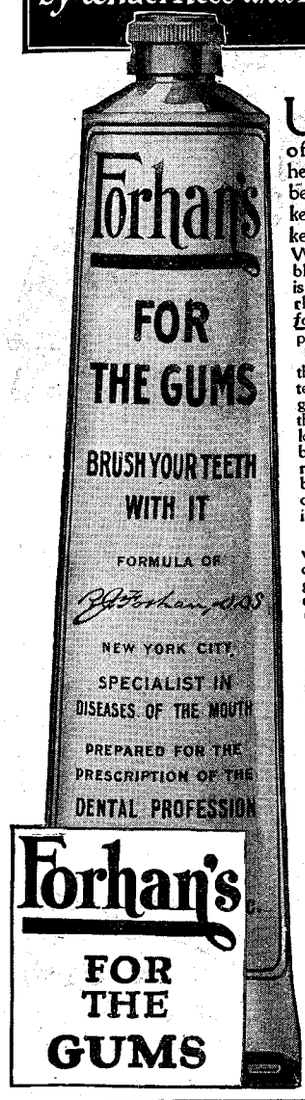


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sustain the leading parts in some of Shakespeare's plays.

In conclusion, I may say that Dr. Matthews has given us a most scholarly book of the American theater, one that is in marked contrast to the superficial work of nearly all the commentators of to-day.

## Biography

**ALLEGRA.** By Armistead C. Gordon. Minton, Balch & Co., New York. $2.50.

"Allegra" (a life of Byron) is one of the many recent biographies which take their form and color from the novel. It is among the most interesting of them. Byron's life is particularly rich in material, and the author has carefully followed facts. The poet's life from the cradle to his death in Missolonghi is a tragic example of how really bad an enemy a man can be to himself. The book starts with events long before Byron's birth, and in his heritage from the dissolute line of Byrons and the "wild Gordon's of Gight" on his mother's side there is much to explain the character of the turbulent genius. A morbid consciousness of his lameness darkened his life. In his youth he was known as "Mrs. Byron's crookit deevil." At the time he met Clare Clairmont he was "young, famous, and wicked." She was the daughter of William Godwin and the widow Clairmont. Since she was young, poor, and vain, and brought up to regard marriage as a useless institution, the attentions of the picturesque poet and peer went to her head. Their love affair is a tragic story.

Byron's later treatment of her, and of their daughter Allegra, is one of the blackest marks against him. Only one chapter of the book is devoted to the brief life of the child for whom it is named. Unable to support herself and her child, Clare agreed that Allegra should go to her father. Byron placed her in a convent, where at the age of five years and three months she died, alone and neglected. Grief and remorse now lay heavily on his stormy soul.

For a few comparatively happy months preceding her death Byron, Shelley, and their friend Trelawney wandered together on the shores of the Bay of Spezzia. Then tragic events began to crowd close. Allegra's death was followed by the death of Shelley. Sick in mind and body, and bored with his latest mistress, the beautiful Countess Guiccioli, Byron prepared for the strangest adventure of a wild and powerful imagination. Picturing himself as the savior of Greece, he sailed with a small company to further the cause of the Greek insurgents. They landed at Metaxata. From here he went to Missolonghi, on the mainland, where "he exhibited remarkable business capacity and energy, and was industrious in his attention to all the details of his military duties."

On April 19, 1824, George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron of Rochedale, died at Missolonghi, as he had lived, "playing to the galleries." After his burial at Hucknall-Torkard, "the greatest tragedy of the century" was perpetrated when the manuscript of Byron's Memoirs was burned. "Allegra" takes sides with Byron's defenders. The author repudiates the horrid story of the poet's alleged relations with his half-sister, Augusta, and says, "If his errors were greater than those of ordinary men, so were his temptations and provocations."

**MOHAMMED.** By R. F. Dibble. The Viking Press, New York. $3.

The new biography is no respecter of persons. Mr. Dibble applies to Mohammed the same ironic, satiric, and at times burlesque methods which he employed last year in writing of John L. Sullivan. The result is no less amusing, but it appals us to reflect on what the Faithful might think of it, in the unlikely event of its ever falling into their hands. Whether Mohammed was a profligate, a coldly calculating and atrociously barbarous hypocrite, or a humble and grateful penitent whose sole wish was to be a channel through which Allah's divine purpose might be made, are questions which Mr. Dibble poses to himself and to his readers, and "the answer forever bides," is his conclusion. Yet the image that definitely remains after the book is closed is that of a vain, sensual, quick-witted opportunist—a "grotesque, grand, preposterous, and prodigious figure." It has not, apparently, been the author's purpose to separate the charlatan from the creed.

## Fiction

**WAYS OF ESCAPE.** By Noel Forrest. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

In its acute analysis of character this first novel seems to indicate a mature hand. Stephen Heath's unfailing success, which his townspeople called "Heath's luck," he attributed to his own foresight and sagacity. He worked on the principle that he was "the master of his fate," but he also essayed to be master of the fate of others. With the one aim of bettering the conditions of his town, beautifying it in his capacity of architect, and establishing his children as well as he had established himself in life, one would say that he did not deserve censure. But his mistake was that he ruled the town and family. The course each of his children was to follow was chosen from his own standpoint without regard for their inclination or natural bent. Terry must go into the army, though he hated the army. Basil, with literary gifts, was trained for an architect. Rosamund, who was in love with Angus, was made to marry Gervase. Tony, to win the Saxonhurst scholarship, must be kept to his books during holidays. Mrs. Heath's one function was to be beautiful, and to this end Stephen chose the colors she looked best in and, to spare her, supervised household matters, greatly irritating her, as she possessed intelligence as well as beauty. The young Heaths, who called themselves the "Heathen," held secret conclaves to devise ways of escape, and so schooled had they become in Stephen's philosophy that each selected his own way of escape with a view to paying him in his own coin. It was heartless, and Stephen reeled at every revolt, but his pride sustained him, and he never acknowledged defeat. One could wish that he had been spared the last blow, but the story is relentlessly carried out to the end, and Paul Kenyon's dubious theory that a man must pay for ascendency in success and happiness seemed exemplified.

## Religion

**MIRACLES. A Modern View.** By Floyd L. Darrow. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $2.50.

A thorough presentation of the improbability of lawbreaking miracles, as offered us by the Scriptures and the Church, largely by destroying their uniqueness and exhibiting the frequency of similar happenings in other quarters. Reminding us how often, for instance, the gods Castor and Pollux, mounted on their white horses, are said to have saved Roman armies in the days of the Republic, Mr. Darrow says: "I submit that this heathen miracle is just as good, no more so and no less, as any other such product of superstitious imaginations in a world-wide era of lawless



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signs and wonders." The Gospel miracles are rejected with the rest. (The author quotes richly from primitive and non-Christian religions, the apocryphal gospels, the Middle Ages, and modern faith systems in support of his thesis.) His positive creed is that miracles are not necessary and that a law-abiding universe offers a better proof of God, immortality, and moral values. The book is drastic, yet reverent and constructive; its plea to the churches for a frank adoption of its attitude is stirring; and the volume is so conveniently arranged as to do good service as a handbook on the subject.

## History

**A CANADIAN MANOR AND ITS SEIGNEURS, 1761–1861.** By George M. Wrong. With Illustrations. The Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto. $7.50.

This is a reissue, in a limited edition, beautifully printed, of a book published in 1908. The manor is that of the Nairnes, at Murray Bay, on the St. Lawrence, founded in 1672 and granted to Captain John Nairne in 1761, on the expulsion of the French. With the enactment of the law of 1854 abolishing the seignorial system, and the passing of the last of the Nairnes in 1861, came a new order, that of a simple French-Canadian village community, later to be invaded by hundreds of pleasure-seekers from far and wide. The book is a delightful record of the annals of the seignory and recreates for us a society long extinct and well-nigh forgotten. Good scholarship shows in its pages, and, no less, a charming narrative style.

**CONSTITUTIONAL PROBLEMS UNDER LINCOLN.** By James G. Randall. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $4.

It is a singular thing that the public has had to wait sixty years for an adequate treatment of the Constitutional issues involved in the conduct of the Civil War. This learned, judicial, and carefully executed performance answers every demand that can reasonably be made upon it. The matter of war powers, Presidential and Congressional, the defining and punishing of treason and sedition, the exercise of the draft, the relations of the Government and the States—all these and every other issue having to do with the fundamental law are treated. The book is no treatise on technicalities; it is a narration, lively and colorful, of what happened under these various categories, with a constant reference to their legalistic aspect and to the disputes that raged over each Governmental act. The Constitution was widely stretched under the pressure of a life-and-death struggle for the maintenance of the Union. There were those who would have stretched it further, and others—not a few of them sympathizers with the Confederacy—who would have stretched it not at all. Though Lincoln assumed powers greater than those assumed by any other President, and thereby came to be denounced as an "unlimited despot," a judicial review of his rulership shows that he never abused his powers, "except," as Colonel Ingersoll once said, "on the side of mercy." What the author finds as perhaps the two most significant facts of the Lincoln Administration is the wide extent of the war powers and "the manner in which the men in authority were controlled by the American people's sense of constitutional government."

**DOWN THE SANTA FÉ TRAIL AND INTO MEXICO, 1846–1847.** The Diary of Susan Shelby Magoffin. Edited by Stella M. Drumm. With Illustrations and Map. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $4.

This diary, now first published, is one of the most engaging personal records of the old frontier. Mrs. Magoffin was a grand-


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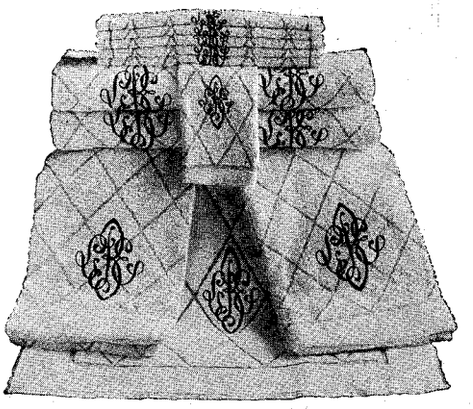

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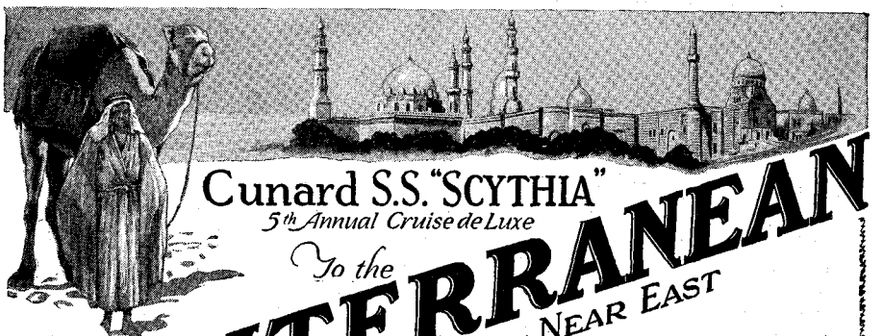

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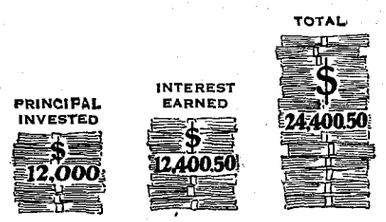


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## Miscellaneous

**CARGOES AND HARVESTS.** By Donald Culross Peattie. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

The burden of this picturesque and informative book is that, *pace* Malthus and the neo-Malthusians, we are not likely to starve yet a while. Ninety per cent of the tropical jungles are said to be untouched. The popular taste, once a stranger to coffee, pineapples, cane sugar, cocoanuts, and bananas, may before long be accustomed to the yam, yantia, chayote, plantain, and avocado. Mr. Peattie's brief, lively chapters set forth the romantic history of a large number of common things —rubber, tea, camphor, tobacco, and cotton among them; and each chapter is equipped with an equally stimulating bibliography, making us long to read more and more about the outlook for breadfruit, the dasheen, as nourishing as the potato, and the mango, as delicious as the peach. No substitute fruit ruddier than the cherry is mentioned, however. Perhaps gallantry is out of place in even so comparatively unserious a book as this, though there is a touch of it in the chapter on tea.

## Notes on New Books

**THE NEW MAN AND THE DIVINE SOCIETY.** By Richard Roberts. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Lectures before the Theological School of Harvard University.

**FIELDS OF WORK FOR WOMEN.** By Miriam Simons Leuck. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

All about various jobs for women, how they can get them and what they can do in them. Necessarily, the author's knowledge of some of these kinds of work must be theoretical and book taught.

**PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY.** By Edward Stevens Robinson. The Macmillan Company, New York.

A text-book on "Human Nature in Everyday Life" by an Associate Professor of Psychology in the University of Chicago.

**THE SOCIAL WORKER IN A HOSPITAL WARD.** By Elsie Wulkop. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

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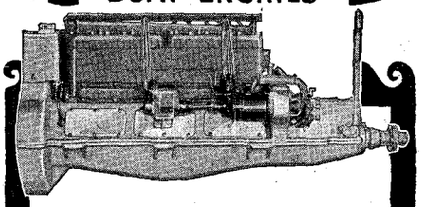

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# Rolls and Discs

## By LAWRENCE JACOB ABBOTT

YEARS from now people will probably be amazed to recollect how few persons back in the 'twenties were really interested in recorded music. Since the phonograph companies have climbed out of the rut and produced machines and records which give a comparatively true reproduction of musical sound, the public has wonderful facilities right at its elbow to enjoy the world's greatest music and musicians. Yet how ridiculously small is the circle of people who are alive to the musical possibilities of the phonograph—beyond its use as mere entertainment!

It is not too fanciful to predict that in the not too distant future music will be taught in schools and colleges with the aid of phonographs; that homes will contain phonographs for their libraries of music as much as a matter of course as to-day they contain book-shelves for libraries of literature; that the best phonographs will parallel in size, cost, and perfection of musical tone the best pianofortes of to-day.

Even now the interest in recorded music is growing rapidly enough to augur bright years to come. In response to such an interest a new magazine has been started, the "Phonograph Monthly Review," with offices at 101 Milk Street, Boston. Its October issue was its first. For those who want to delve into phonograph music thoroughly this publication should prove most useful. Its editorial contents are interesting and its reviews able; it has made an auspicious start, and I wish it every success.

### Phonograph Records

**SONATA IN A FOR VIOLONCELLO, Opus 69** (Beethoven). Played by Felix Salmond. In six parts, on three records. Columbia.

In two ways the phonograph is better adapted to chamber music than it is to the more pretentious forms, such as choral and orchestral music. In the first place, because the acoustics of the usual house or apartment are inadequate for the best reproduction of music which is designed to be played in a large hall. And, second, because the simpler forms of music can more nearly approach in reproduction the sound of the performances themselves. Not that I wish for a minute to disparage the almost unbelievable results attained in orchestral recording! But every addition to the library of chamber music records is most welcome—and especially one as superb as Salmond's playing of the A Major sonata.

The work itself holds interest even for those who consider most of the Beethoven sonatas dull. It is mentally stimulating music. Mr. Salmond's performance is very much alive; not only vigorous, but sensitive. The reproduction comes out clear and strong, the piano accompaniment being unusually good—true in tone and not too much in the background. This feature, as I recall, is a habit of Mr. Salmond's.

**TRISTAN AND ISOLDE—PRELUDE** (Wagner). Played by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Alfred Hertz. In two parts, on one record. Victor.

Following the three Wagner orchestral records made under the direction of Albert Coates and issued last month, comes another bit of Wagner—but this time played by an orchestra not three thousand miles east, but three thousand miles west of New York. The San Franciscans, by this record alone, can claim a place among the very best of the world's orchestras. Their string tone is a joy to the ear. Their wind band is pure-toned and precise. And in Mr. Hertz they have a conductor who draws out of Wagner's music all its eloquence, all its fiery passion. The climaxes are immense, sometimes too much so to reproduce clearly. Except for this the recording is flawless. Mr. Hertz has taken no liberties with the score; he ends the Prelude in mid-air, not attempting to treat it as a unit in itself, but only as an introduction to the music-drama which is to follow.

**COUNTRY DANCE NO. 1; PASTORAL DANCE NO. 2; THE MERRYMAKERS' DANCE NO. 3—from "Nell Gwyn"** (Edward German). Played by the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Rudolph Ganz. On one record. Victor.

These charming English dances are chock-full of rhythm and melody. In playing them, the bold and brilliant violins of the St. Louis Symphony, though at times strident, manage to create a care-free rustic atmosphere. I should prefer to hear a performance with more repression on the part of the orchestra. But Mr. Ganz's performance as it stands is highly effective. Here again is an excellent piece of recording, with ample bass.

**POLONAISE IN A FLAT, OPUS 53** (Chopin); **MARCHE MILITAIRE** (Schubert-Tausig). Played by Leopold Godowsky. Brunswick.

Again a milestone of progress. Here is the best pianoforte record I have yet heard. Its tone is actually the piano tone, without distortions or falseness in *timbre*. Its one drawback is that it makes the piano sound far away. But there have been so many piano records, even since the era of electrical recording, which sounded like anything but a piano that a true record is an achievement. Godowsky's performance is all one could ask for. Both selections he plays as if he reveled in them.

**MADAMA BUTTERFLY—Un bel dì vedremo** (Puccini); **FAUST—Jewel Song** (Gounod). Sung by Edith Mason. Brunswick.

**FREISCHÜTZ—Agatha's Prayer** (Weber). Sung by Maria Jeritza. In two parts, on one record. Victor.

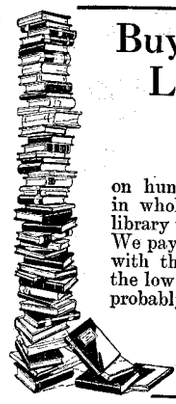
**DINORAH—Shadow Song** (Meyerbeer). Sung by Amelita Galli-Curci. In two parts, on one record. Victor.

**SAMSON ET DALILA—Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix** (Saint-Saëns); **CARMEN—Gipsy Song** (Bizet). Sung by Sigrid Onegin. Brunswick.

**SAMSON ET DALILA—Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix; Printemps qui commence** (Saint-Saëns). Sung by Marguerite D'Alvarez. Victor.

**BOHÈME—Racconto di Rodolfo** (Puccini); **AYDA—Céleste Aïda** (Verdi). Sung by Giovanni Martinelli. Victor.

The usual deluge of opera discs is upon us. For the most part they are vocal selections, sung as such, and not as parts of an opera. "Agatha's Prayer" comes nearest to being otherwise. Of the lot, I like best Edith Mason's interpretation of the familiar "Butterfly" aria. The "Freischütz" record is a little different from most; it would be a better record if Jeritza's high notes were of pleasanter

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quality. As a vehicle for the coloratura soprano voice Meyerbeer's "Shadow Song" is a cleverly wrought combination of agreeable light music with stunt passages. It is hereby recommended as a good example for devotees of Galli-Curci. Of the two renditions of Saint-Saëns's famous aria (the melody to which many a person has fox-trotted), the one by Mme. D'Alvarez has more personality and a voice of softer *timbre*, but her faulty intonation spoils what might otherwise be a noteworthy performance. Martinelli brings his powerful voice into action again, achieves brilliant results with "Céleste Aïda," but makes a far more interesting recording of "Bohême." A good companion record to the death scene from the same opera.

**MOONLIGHT SONATA—Opus 27, No. 2** (Beethoven). Played by Harold Bauer. In three parts, on two records, the fourth part being Beethoven's ***Gavotte in F Major.*** Victor.

There is one strikingly disappointing thing about these two records. Harold Bauer's playing is so fine that it is a great pity the piano tone could not have been recorded better. Most of the time it is over-resonant, as if the hammers were striking bells instead of taut wires. The calm serenity of the first movement and the surging motion of the last are equally effective in Mr. Bauer's interpretation.

**WAIATA POI** (Hill); **MELODRAMA FROM "PICCOLINO"** (Guiraud). Played by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Henri Verbrugghen. Brunswick.

An absolutely unique record. The first number, a Maori song-dance, sounds for all the world like the noise which emanates from a cheap radio store. I cannot conceive how any recording laboratory could approve the release of such a disc. The reverse side, strangely enough, contains a superb recording of delicate effects with massed strings, free from every trace of the nasal tone in the violins which electrical recording sometimes produces.

**NEGRO SPIRITUALS—Go Down, Moses—Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; IRISH CRADLE SONG** (Alfred Pochon). Played by the Flonzaley Quartet. Victor.

It seems strange to hear a sophisticated string quartet play Negro spirituals. Somehow the quartet style robs the spirituals of their character. More fitting is the "Irish Cradle Song"—gentle, flowing melody. Even this does not seem quite the proper dish for the Flonzaleys to serve. But, since the dish is there, who better could serve it?

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It takes a Josef Hofmann to do full justice to Schumann's conception of the smuggler. Music with as much color as a Rimsky-Korsakoff orchestration—with as much incessant rhythm as Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream Scherzo." No modern rum-runner was ever such a smuggler as this one! In Schumann's more serious style, the "Fantasie" is a magnificent piece of pleading eloquence. Gabrilowitsch plays it with breadth of tone and poetic phrasing.

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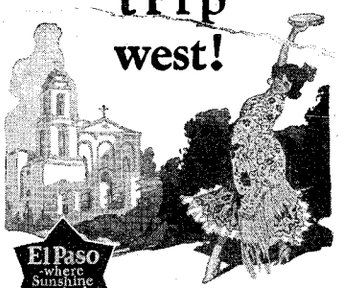


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MANAGING housekeeper; educated, experienced, refined. 7,343, Outlook.

RELIABLE woman wishes position as housekeeper. Capable of assuming charge of home and help. 7,322, Outlook.

TRAINED young woman with some experience wishes position as housekeeper or assistant to superintendent in small institution. 7,336, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as companion-nurse. References exchanged. 7,326, Outlook.

### MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

LADIES—Let Patricia Dix help you with that next club or study paper. Rates reasonable. 7,275, Outlook.

NEW York shopping without charge by an experienced shopper. Reference required. Hattie Guthman, 530 West End Ave., N. Y. C.

SCHOLARSHIPS available, Nationally known boys' school. 7,345, Outlook.

WANTED—Slightly used Duo-Art rolls. 7,347, Outlook.

# Selected Readers for Selected Advertisers

The Outlook's readers are selected from an interesting, cultivated stratum of America's reading public.

The following paragraphs, copied from a subscriber's letter of appreciation, speak for themselves:

**"You may be interested to know that my lovely home in Sienna, Italy, was the result of an Outlook advertisement. An American woman recommended it to appreciative guests, but when I wrote to her and asked what references she required, she said to be a subscriber to The Outlook was reference enough.**

**"I have spent part of three summers in a charming spot in Maine, also advertised in The Outlook, and when I offered the requested references I was told that no references were required from subscribers to The Outlook. You will see, therefore, what we Outlook subscribers think of each other and of the reliability of your advertisements."**

— RATES —

For rates and further details write

**OUTLOOK CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT**
**120 East 16th Street, New York City**



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